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ACTION COMICS

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"MEET THE
METROPOLIS
MONSTER"

THE NEW METAMORPHO RETURNS AGAIN

B-1425

HERE THEY COME!



**RIP-SNORTIN'
3-WHEELED
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RACING MACHINES**

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SUPERMAN



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ARRGGGGGHHHH

WHAT--?
WHO--?



GRRRRRGHHHH!

DON'T KNOW WHO YOU
ARE UNDER THAT COSTUME,
MISTER-- BUT THIS
PRACTICAL JOKE
BETTER STOP--

--NOW!

IT STALKED THE ASPHALT STREETS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, OFTEN
LURKING IN NARROW ALLEYWAYS AND SHADOWY CORNERS TO AVOID
THE SEARCHING, ANGRY CITIZENS! IT WAS HIDEOUS, FEARSOME--YET
IT CARRIED A SECRET NO MAN DARED TO GUESS! YOU AND
SUPERMAN ARE INVITED TO...



RIPPED MY SUIT APART
LIKE IT WAS *TISSUE PAPER*!
HE KNOWS I'M SECRETLY
SUPERMAN!!



GLU
NNK!
WITH THE STRENGTH
THIS BRUTE HAS, I FEEL
JUSTIFIED IN STRIKING
BACK-- LIKE THIS!



HE'S INCREDIBLE!
NO MORTAL MAN
COULD LAST THIS LONG
IN A FIGHT AGAINST
SUPERMAN!

AND I CAN
SEE HE *ISN'T*
WEARING GREEN
MAKE-UP! HIS
FACE IS
FOR REAL!

"MEET THE METR-OPOLIS MONSTER!"

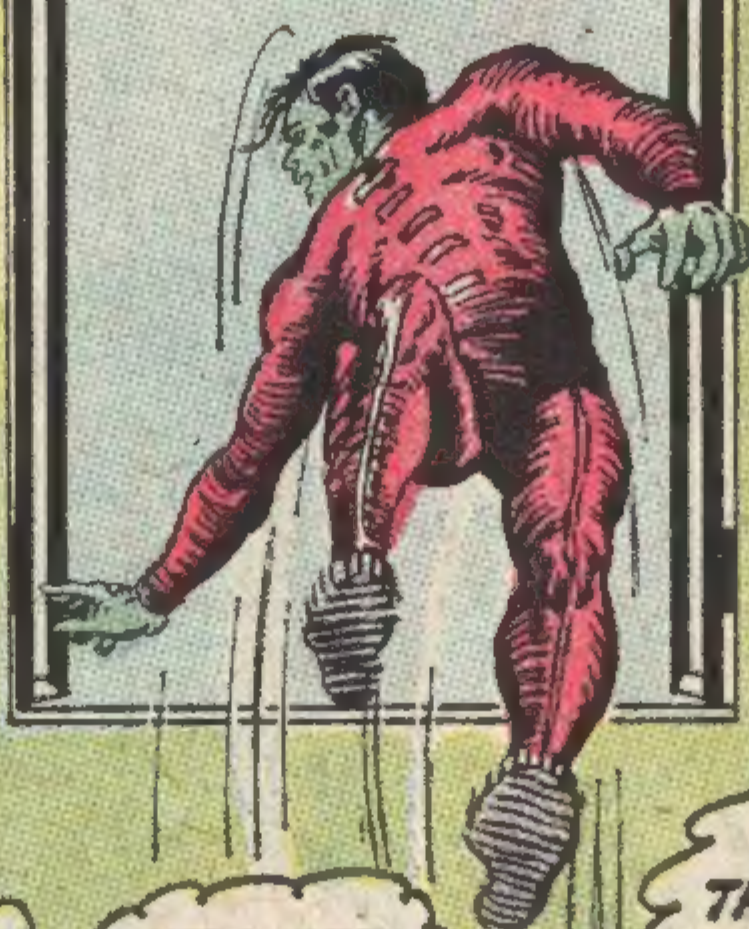
THE MAN OF MIGHT
RETALIATES--AND APPLIES
ENOUGH FORCE TO WRENCH
FREE OF THE COLD,
INHUMAN GRIP...

AGGGRRRAEEEEAGGGHHH



A KICK LIKE
THAT WOULD
TOPPLE A
DINOSAUR!
BUT I ONLY
DAZED
THE THING!

HE'S OFF-
BALANCE...
STAGGERING...



FALLING OUT
THE WINDOW!



THE SOUND OF A THUNDEROUS IM-
PACT REVERBERATES THROUGH THE AIR...

GREAT KRYPTON!
IT'S A MIRACLE
NO BYSTANDERS
WERE HURT!

THAT GIANT
MUST'VE WEIGHED
A TON! IT MADE A
THREE-FOOT HOLE
IN THE PAVEMENT!

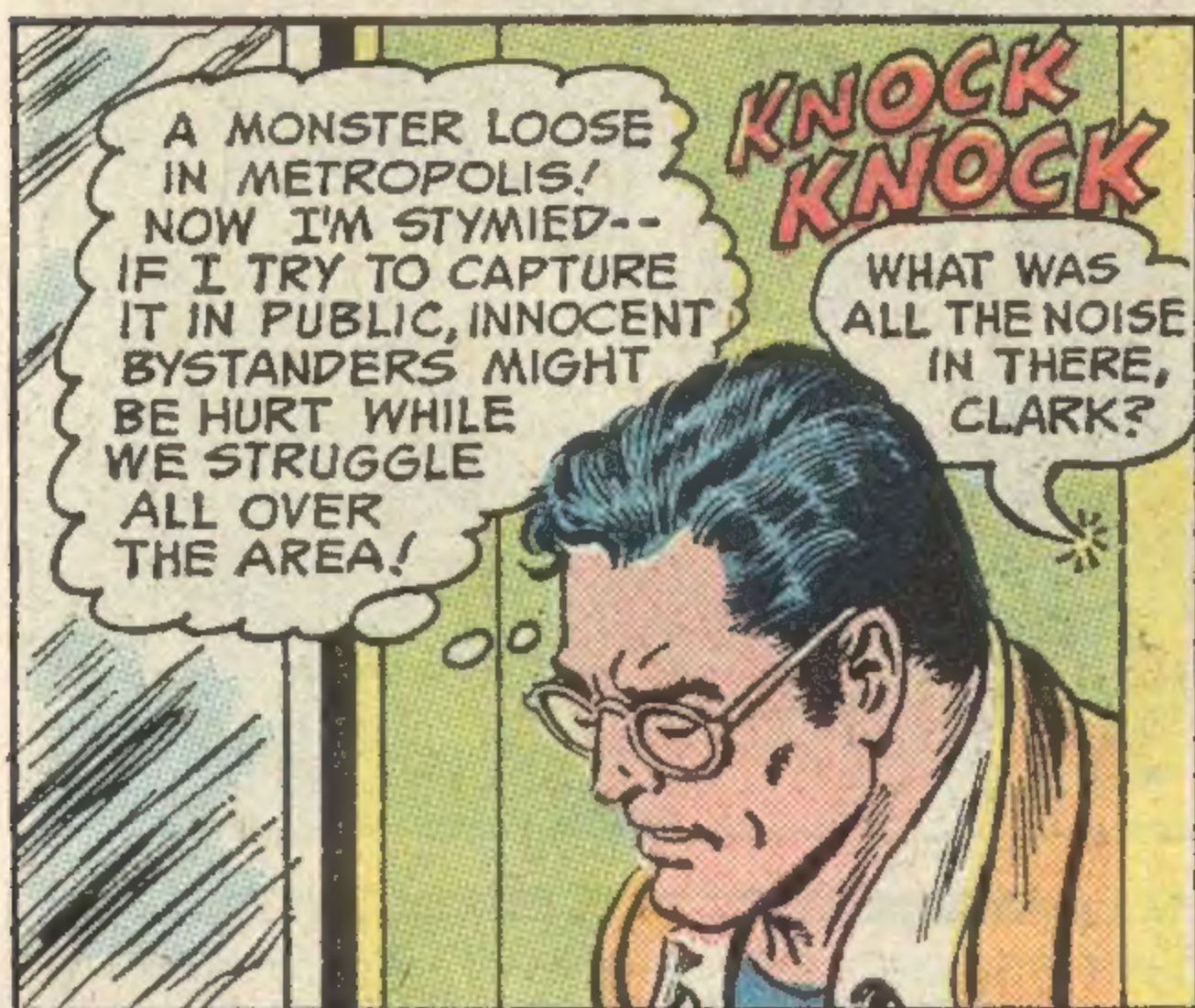
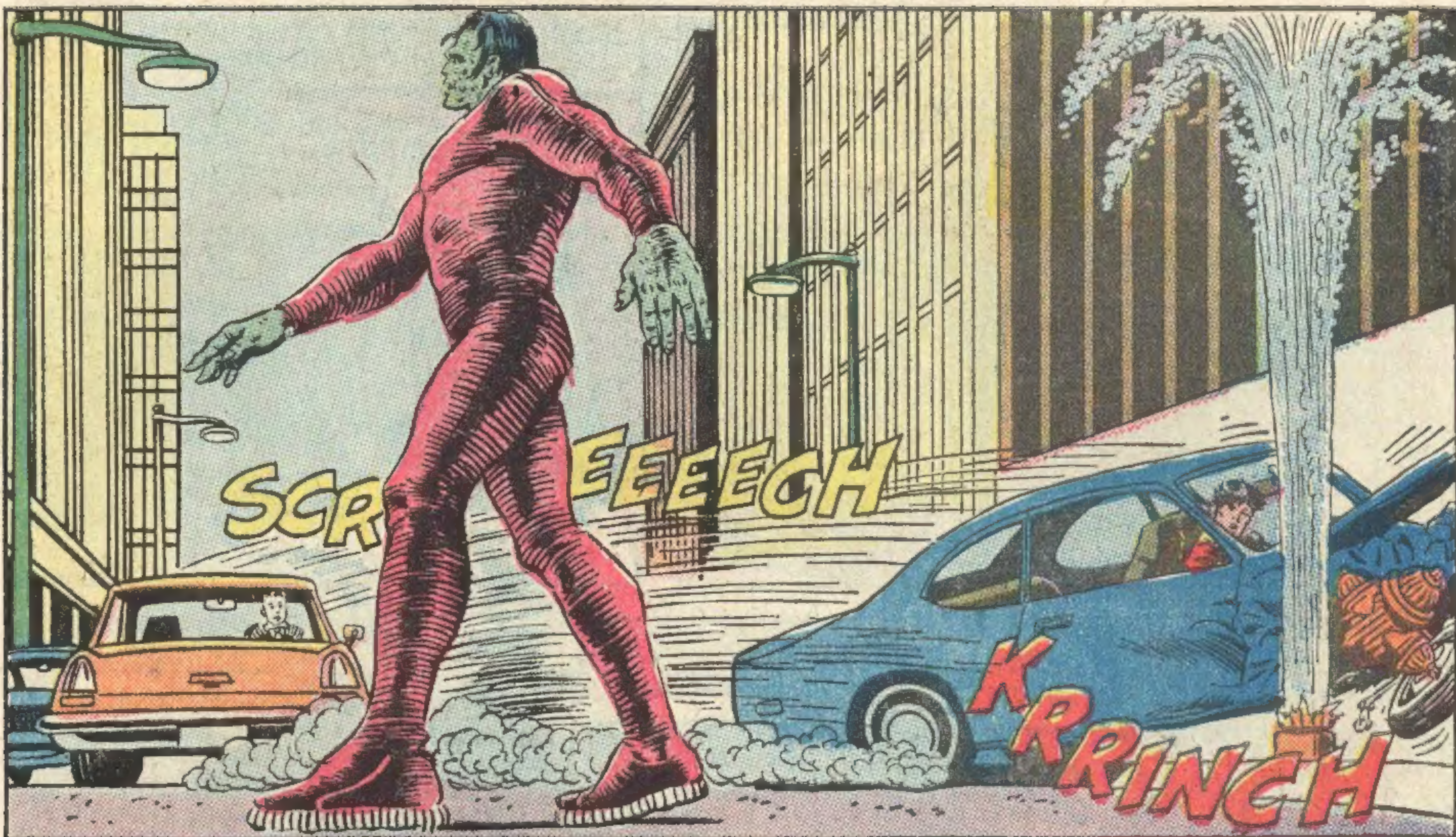
IT--IT'S...
GETTING UP!?
BUT THAT FALL
WOULD'VE
KILLED
ANYTHING
LIVING!

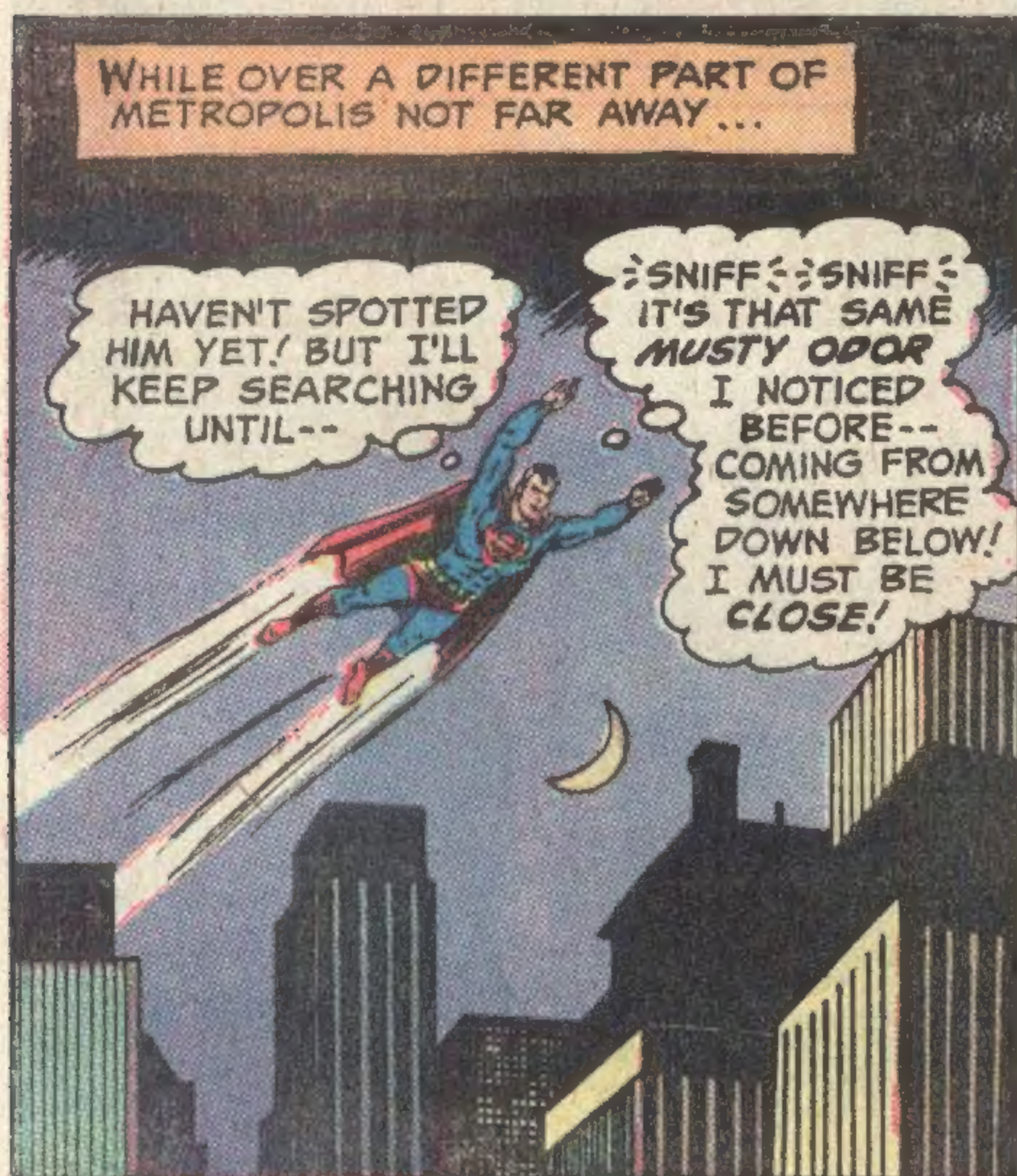
EEEEEEKKK!

L-LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF A HORROR
MOVIE! ONLY
IT'S REAL!

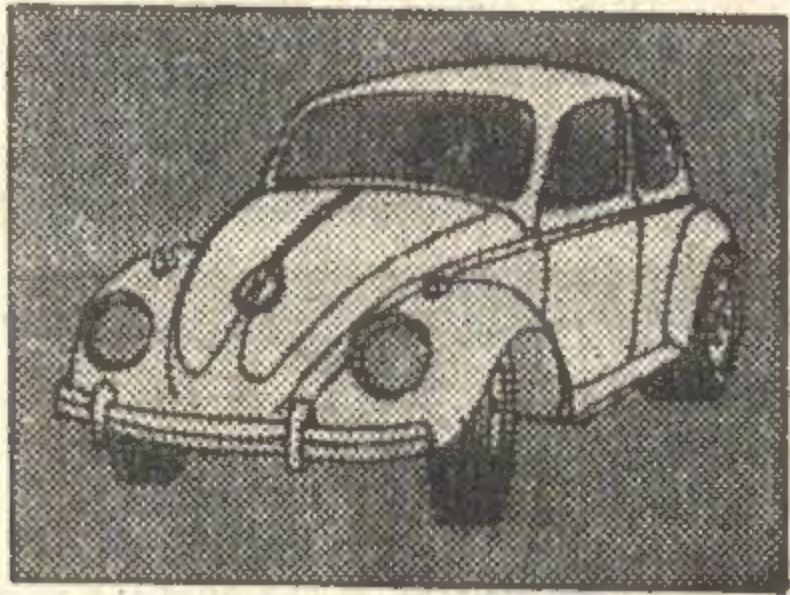
HELP!



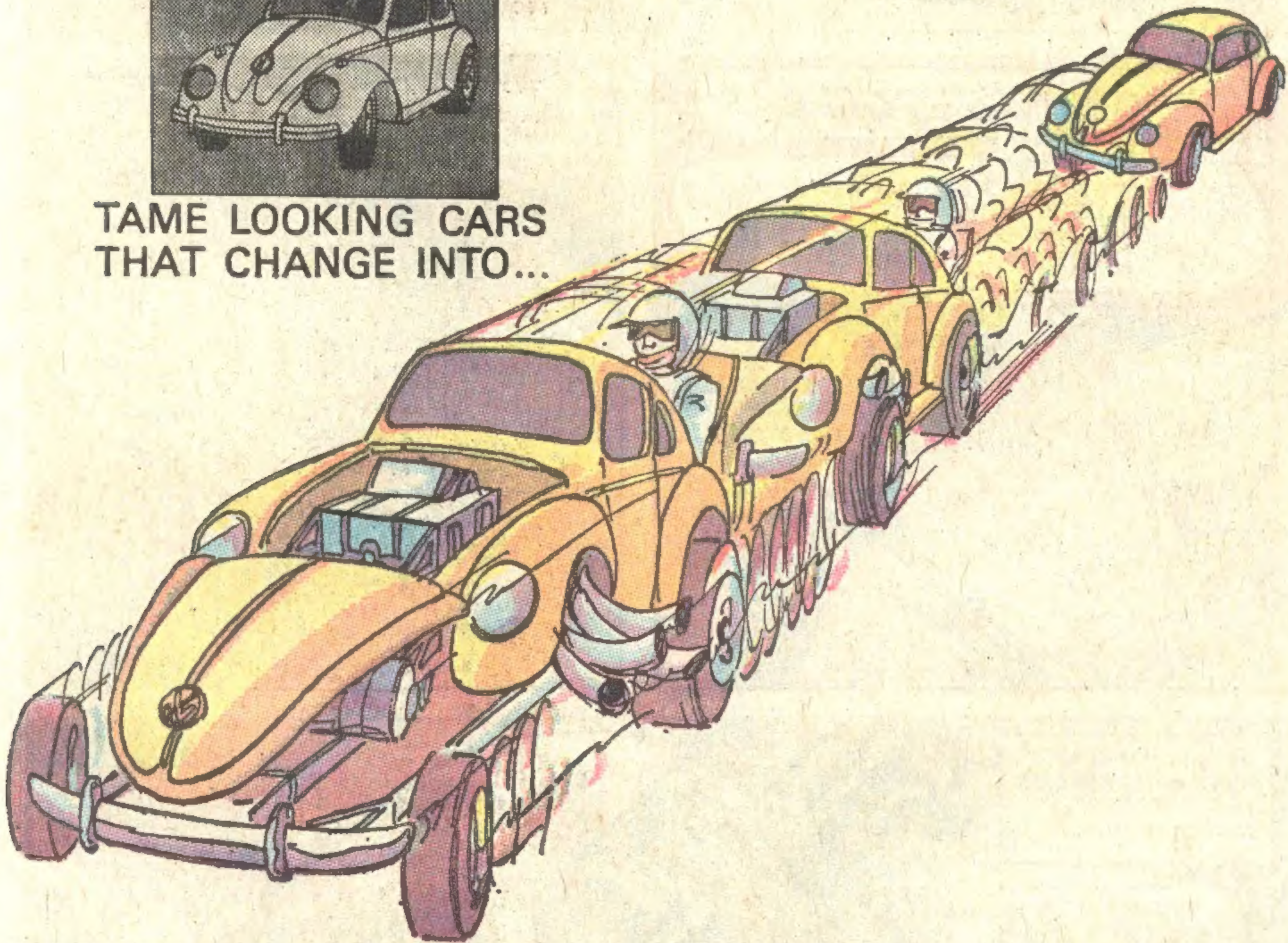




THE IMPOSTERS™

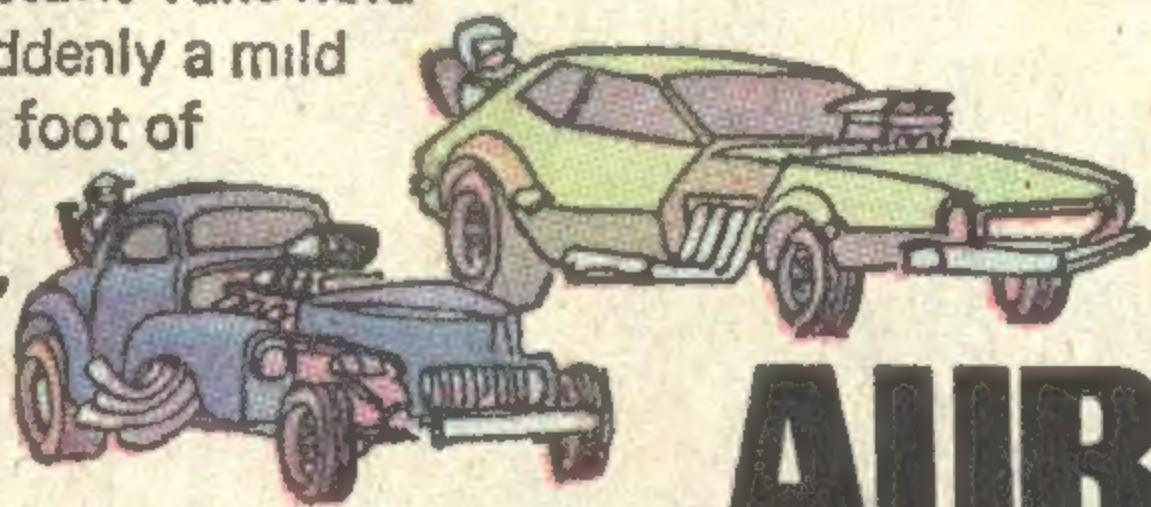


TAME LOOKING CARS
THAT CHANGE INTO...



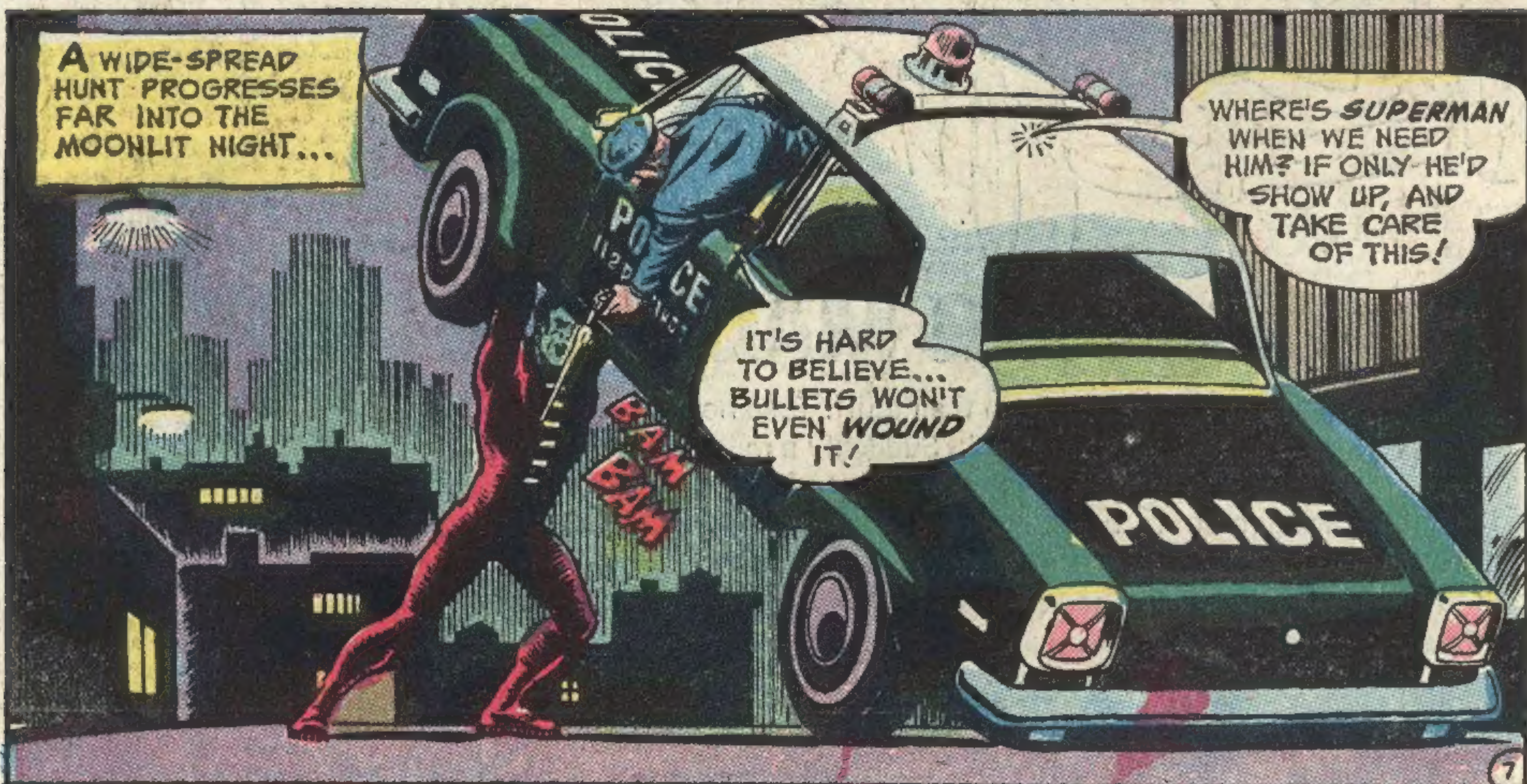
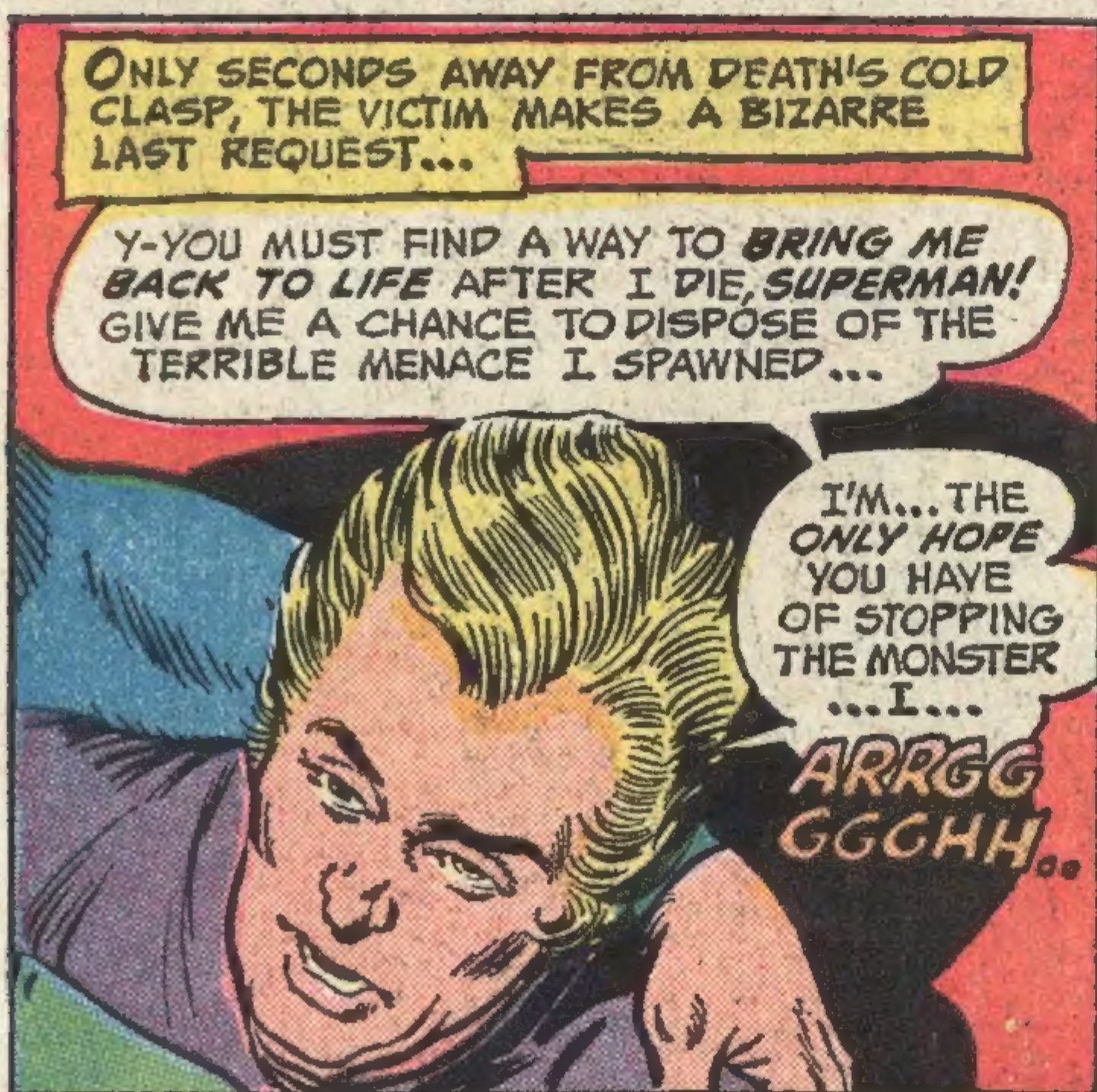
MEAN RACING MACHINES

The Imposters. You have to see them do their stuff. Take hold of the stick shift and get ready for a shock. Suddenly a mild mannered street machine changes into nearly a foot of road gobbling racing machine. Front end out. Engine up, 400 cubes. Then up pops the driver, ready to cut down all comers. The Imposters. They're a lot more car than meets the eye.



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BUT IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS CLARK KENT APARTMENT, THE MAN OF STEEL CAREFULLY WEIGHS HIS ALTERNATIVES FOR THE MOMENT...

...AND ODDLY ENOUGH, NOT A SINGLE PERSON HAS BEEN INJURED BY THE MONSTER! BUT AUTHORITIES EXPECT THE WORST--AND ARE INCREASING THEIR EFFORTS TO WIPE OUT THIS DANGEROUS MENACE!

WGBS NEWS

THE POLICE STILL CANNOT IDENTIFY THE BLONDE GIRL WHO SEEMS TO BE A WILLING HOSTAGE! IT'S THEIR BELIEF THAT HER ABDUCTOR HOLDS SOME SORT OF HYPNOTIC POWER OVER HER!

MY FIRST FIGHT WITH THE THING PROVED BRUTE FORCE IS NO ANSWER...

-- AND THERE IS A CHANCE I CAN REVIVE THE SCIENTIST WHO CREATED HIM! IF HE HAS A SAFE WAY OF GETTING RID OF IT...IT WOULD MAKE THE CITY SAFE AGAIN AND SOLVE MY PROBLEM!

MOMENTS LATER, THE ACTION ACE STREAKS NORTHWARD TOWARDS HIS FABULOUS ARCTIC STRONGHOLD, THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE...

THE TECHNOLOGY OF MY DESTROYED HOME PLANET, KRYPTON, WAS FAR AHEAD OF EARTH'S! RESTORING A HUMAN LIFE WOULDN'T BE SO DIFFICULT FOR SUCH AN ADVANCED SCIENCE!

SOON, AFTER SUPERMAN ASSEMBLES HUNDREDS OF SPARE PARTS FROM THE SCIENTIFIC INVENTORY IN HIS VAST CITADEL...

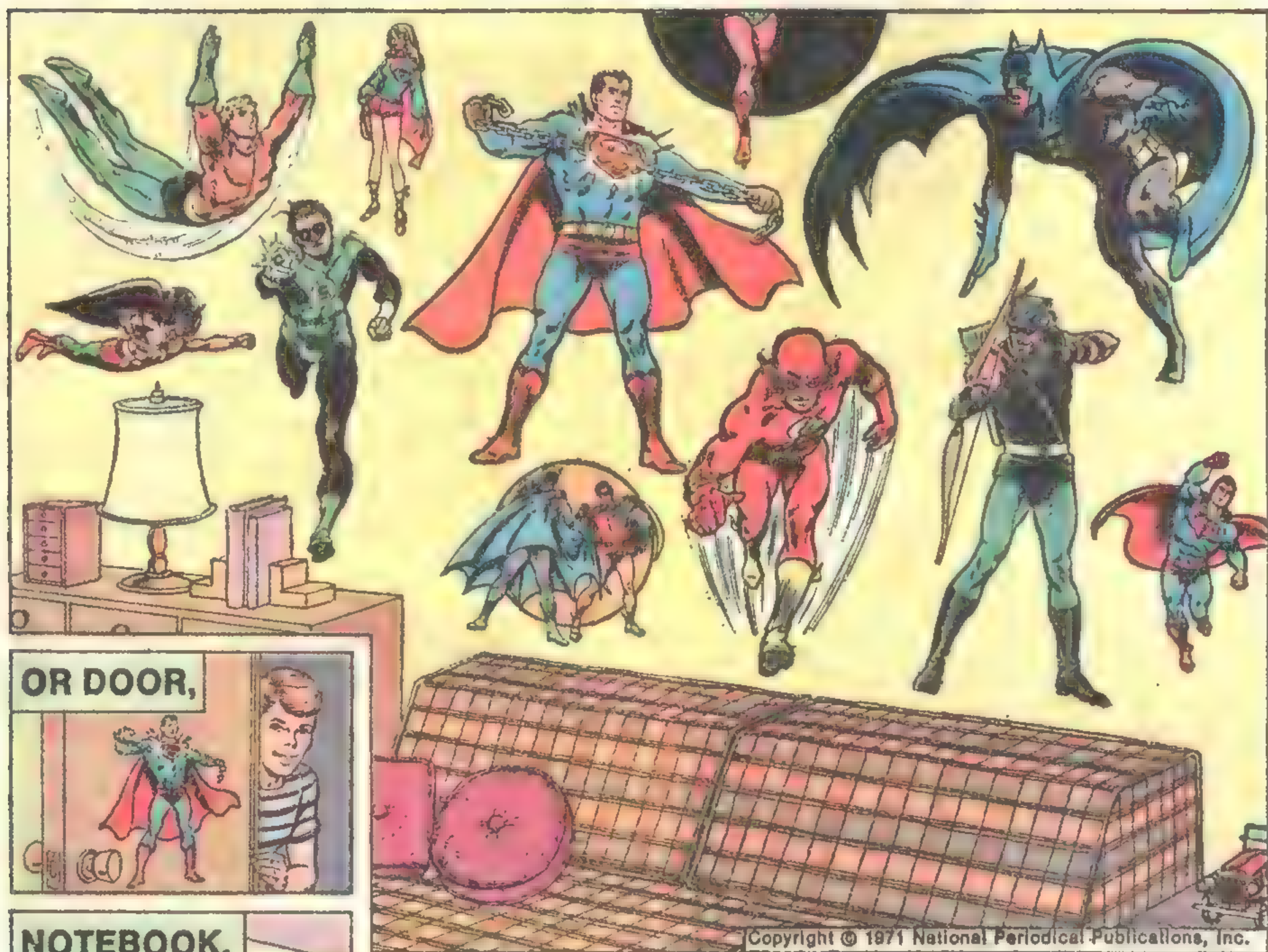
THIS IS THE CLOSEST RECONSTRUCTION OF A KRYPTONIAN REVITALIZER I CAN MANAGE FROM MEMORY! THERE'S NO GUARANTEE IT WILL WORK...

...BUT A DEAD MAN HAS NOTHING TO LOSE!

TIME TO BEGIN--!

SUPER-HERO STICK-ONS!

Stick your favorites up against the wall...



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Here are full-color "stick-on" pictures of Superman, Batman, Robin, Supergirl, Green Lantern, Green Arrow, Aquaman, Wonder Woman, Hawkman, Flash—available for the first time together in one package. They come on a mammoth 20" by 26" sheet, ready to peel off and stick on any flat surface. No adhesives, tacks, or tape needed.

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**All fourteen
for only
\$2⁰⁰**

ALIEN COMPONENTS HUM
AGAINST THE SIZZLE AND
CRACKLE OF TREMENDOUSLY
HIGH VOLTAGE--AS UNEARTHLY
POWER IS GENERATED INTO
THE LIFELESS BODY...

I'VE DONE IT!
HIS LEGS ARE
TWITCHING...
AND NOW...
BOTH HIS
ARMS!

HE'S
STARTING
TO...
SIT UP!

BETTER
SHUT OFF THE
REVITALIZER
BEFORE
THE ENERGY
OVERLOADS
HIM!

UHHH... IS
THAT YOU,
SUPERMAN?
AM I REALLY...
ALIVE AGAIN?!

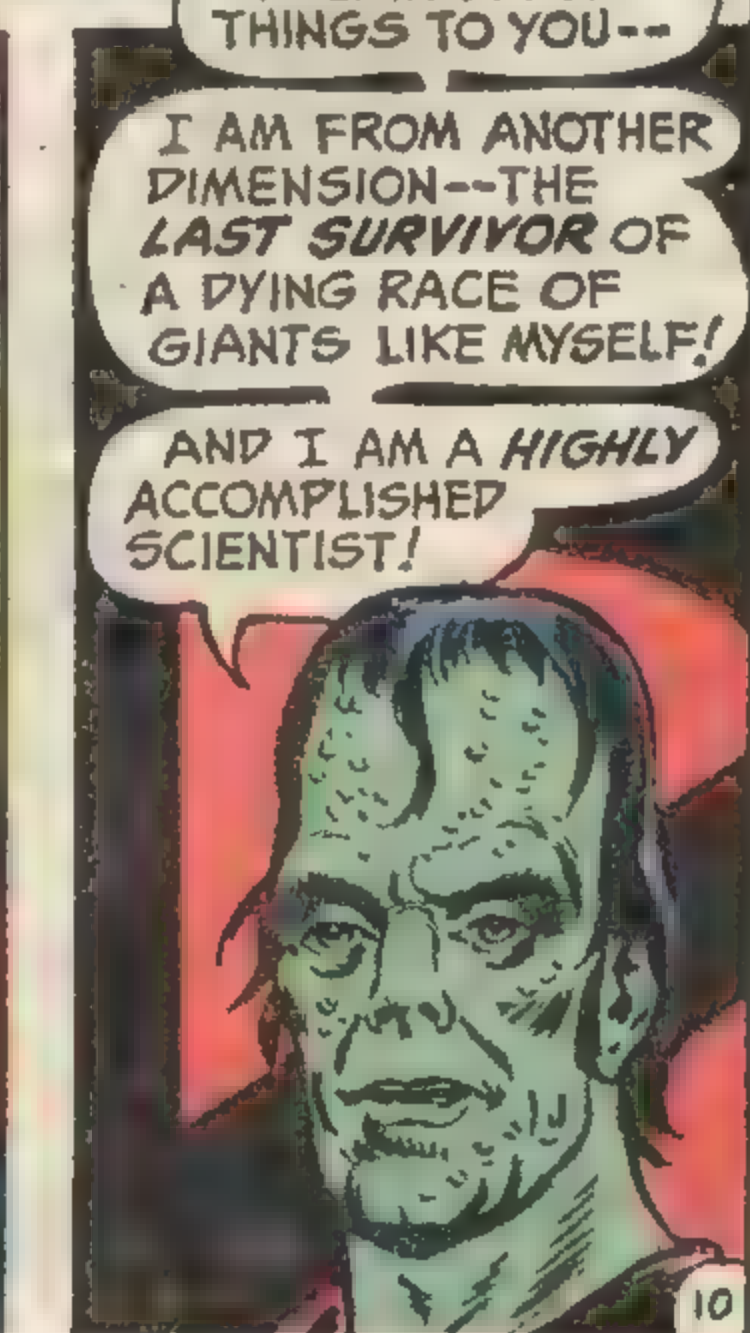
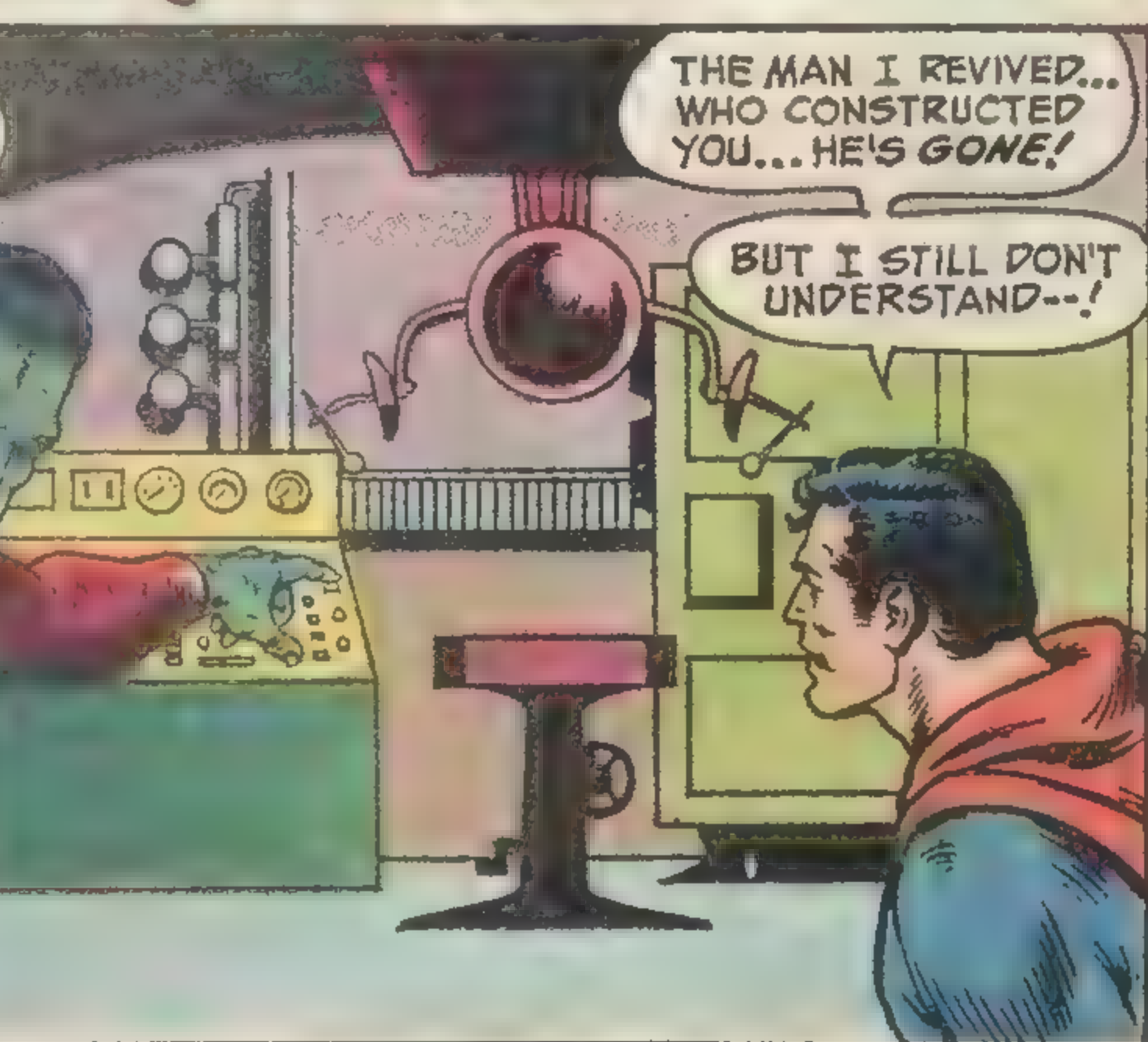
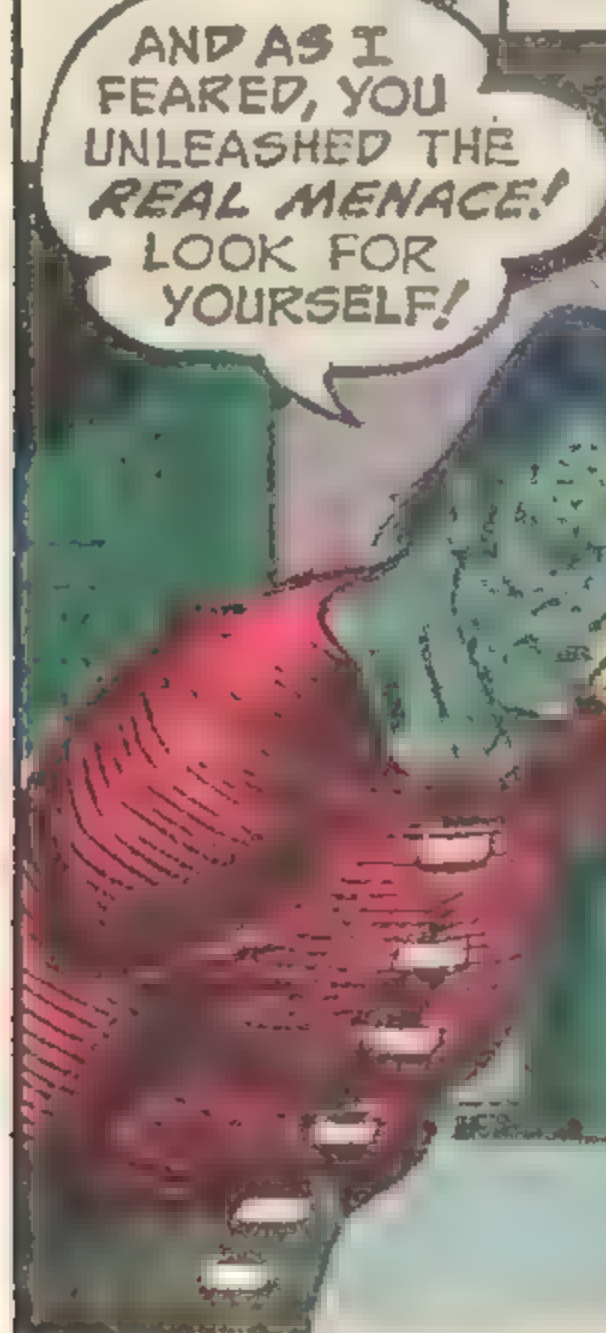
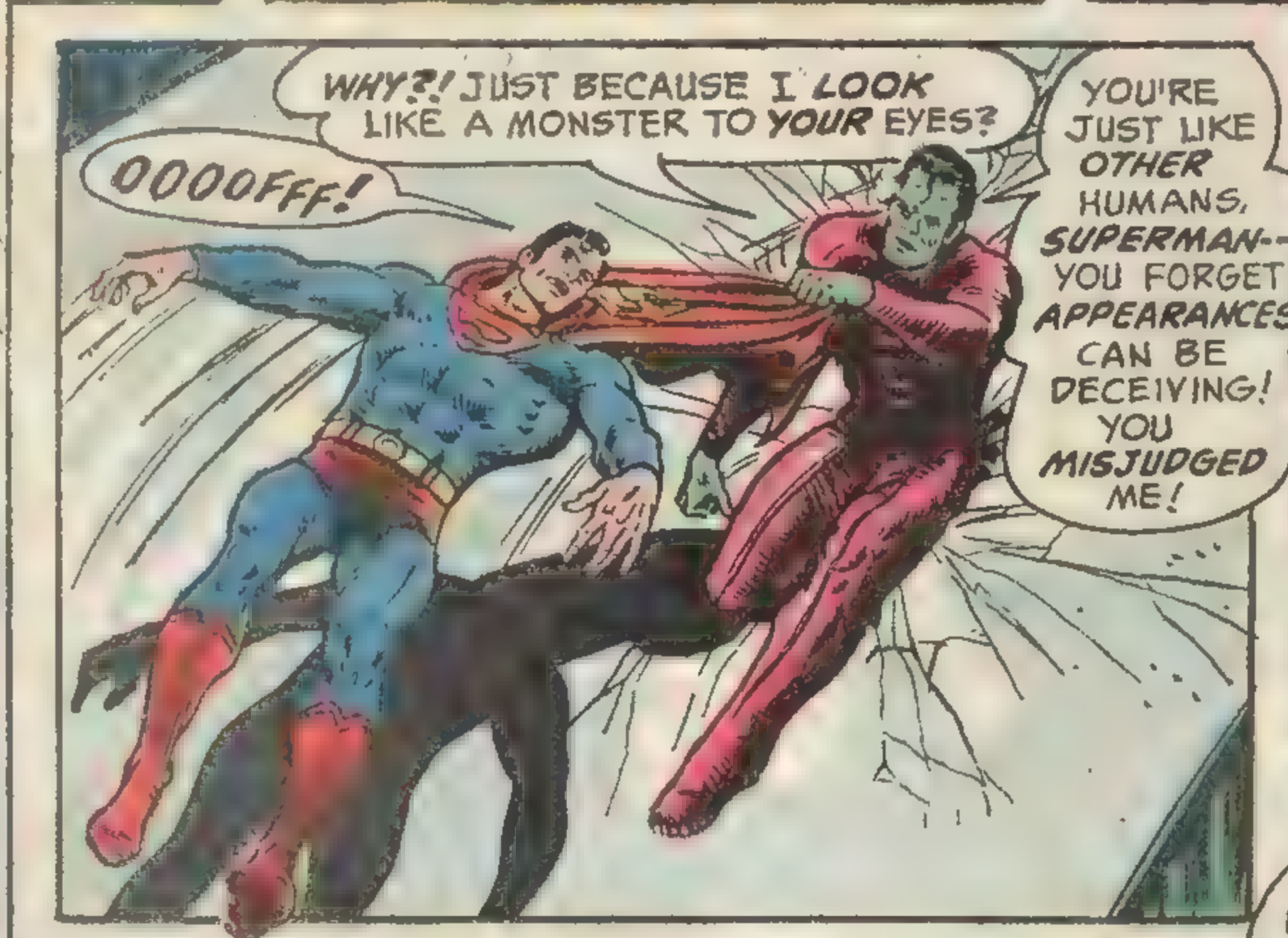
YES! YOU PULLED
THROUGH, ALL RIGHT!
WE BEAT ONE MORTAL
ENEMY-- **DEATH!**

NOW LET'S
TEAM-UP
AGAINST OUR
OTHER
FOE!

SUDDENLY...

IT'S
ALREADY
FOUND US!

GRRAA SSSHHHH

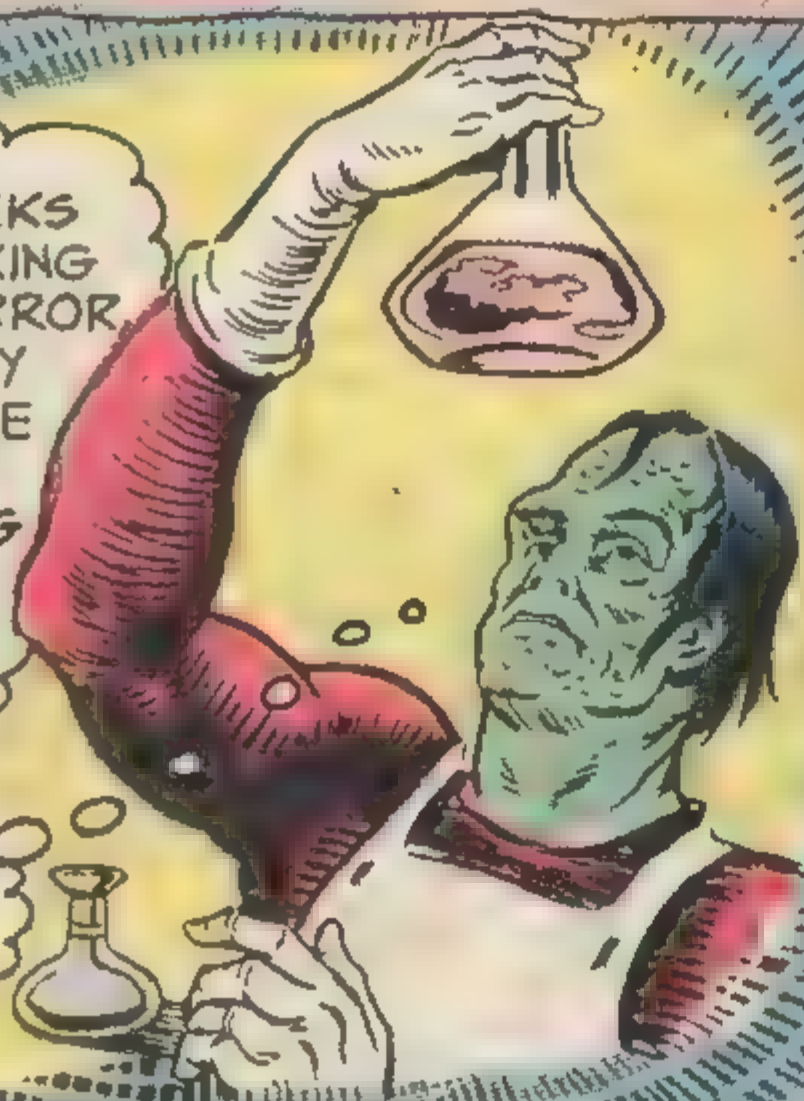




"WHEN I REALIZED MY END WAS ALSO NEAR, I VOWED TO DEVOTE ALL MY REMAINING TIME TO A FANTASTIC EXPERIMENT..."

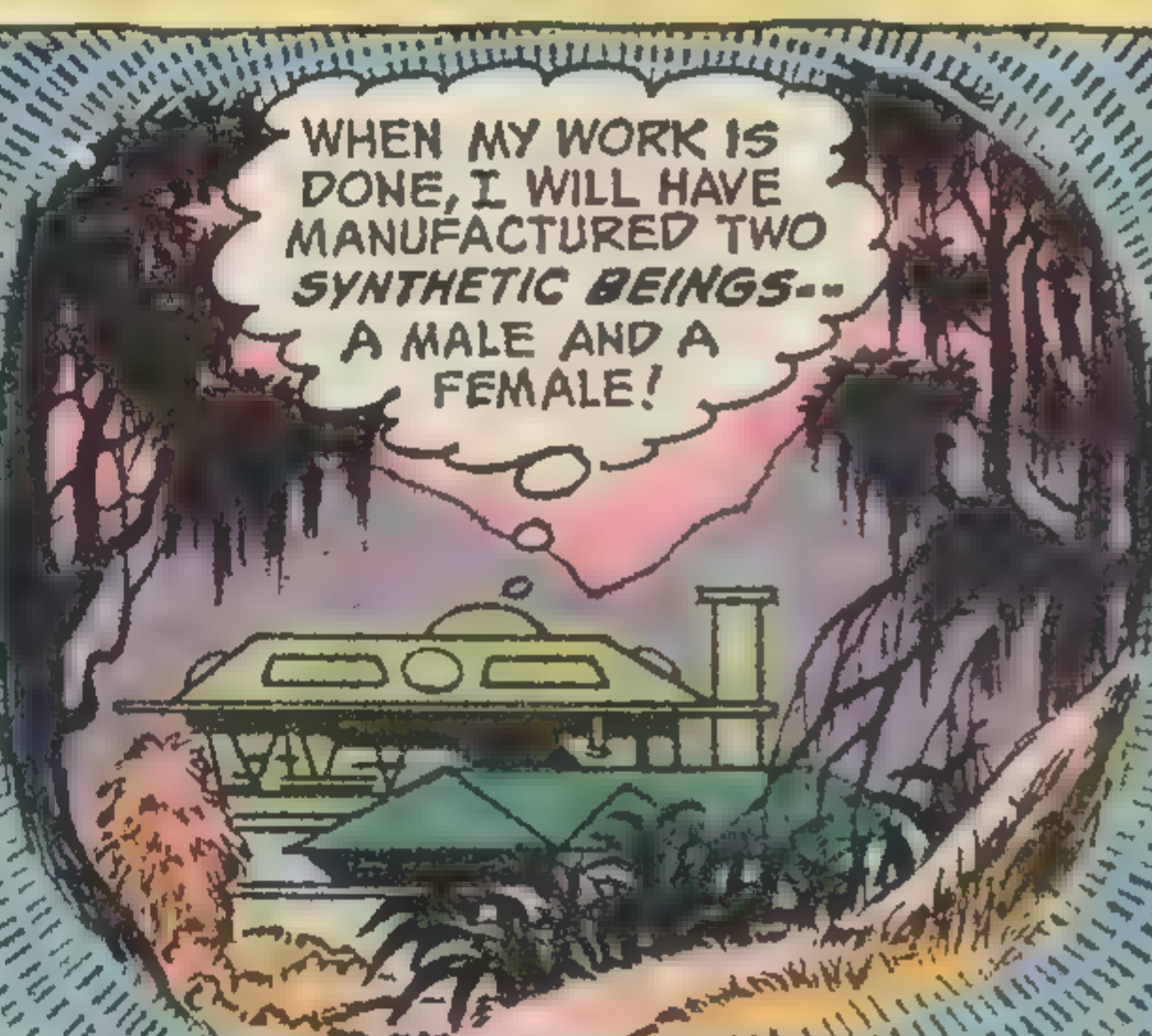
AFTER WEEKS OF PAINSTAKING TRIAL AND ERROR, I'VE FINALLY ISOLATED THE PRECIOUS CELL-CREATING CHEMICAL THAT IS THE BASIS FOR ALL LIFE!

NOW I CAN PROCEED--!



"ALTHOUGH WE WERE A HIDEOUS-LOOKING, UNSIGHTLY RACE, OUR DIMENSION WAS A WORLD OF RARE SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY..."

WHEN MY WORK IS DONE, I WILL HAVE MANUFACTURED TWO **SYNTHETIC BEINGS**-- A MALE AND A FEMALE!



I OBSERVED YOUR EARTH FOR A LONG TIME--THROUGH OCCASIONAL "DIMENSIONAL WINDOWS"..

...TEMPORARY RIFTS THAT OPEN UP BETWEEN OUR TWO WORLDS!

SO I DECIDED TO MOLD MY CREATIONS AFTER THE **HUMANS** I OBSERVED!



THEY WILL BE CAPABLE OF PRODUCING A RACE OF THEIR OWN SOMEDAY! HOPEFULLY, THEIR DESCENDANTS WILL THRIVE AND PROSPER BETTER THAN MY KIND EVER COULD!

AT LEAST THEY WON'T BE UGLY, GREEN-SKINNED FREAKS!

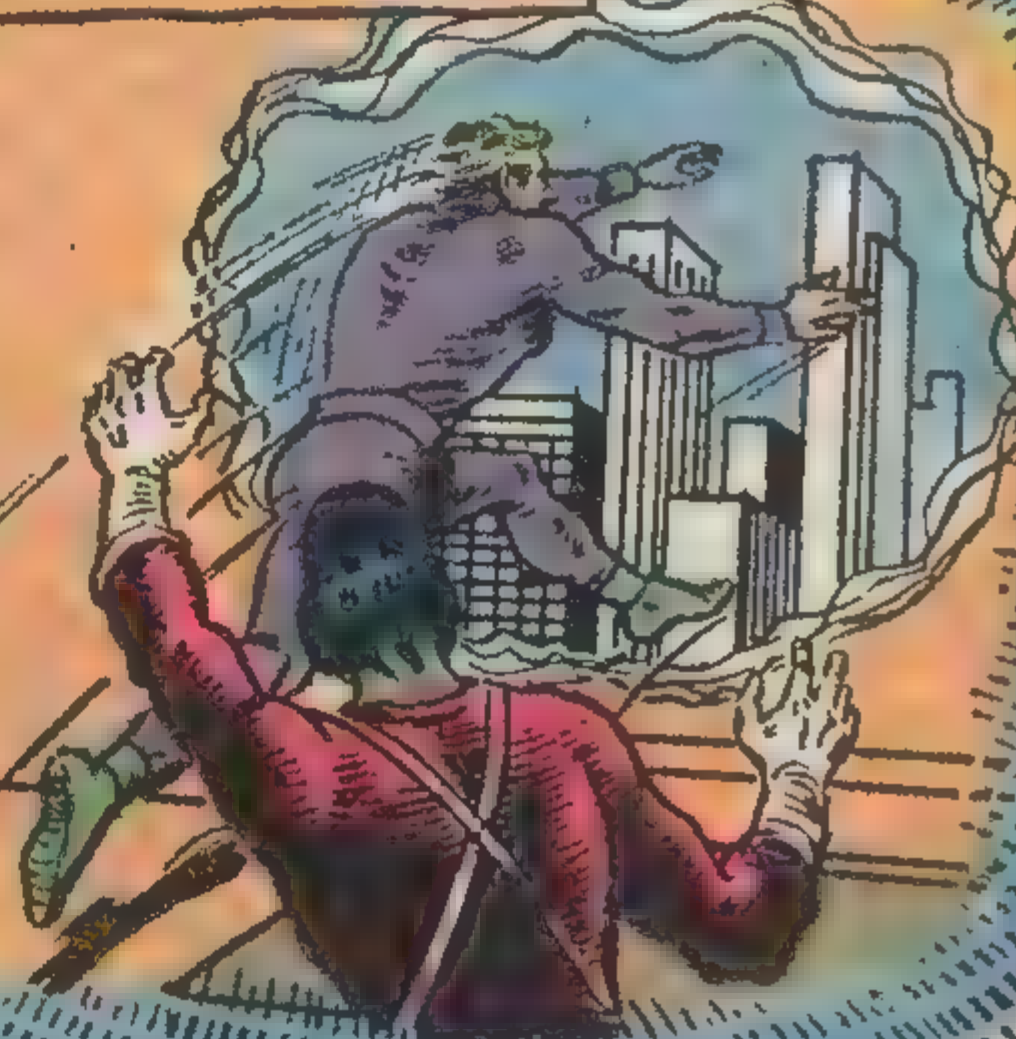


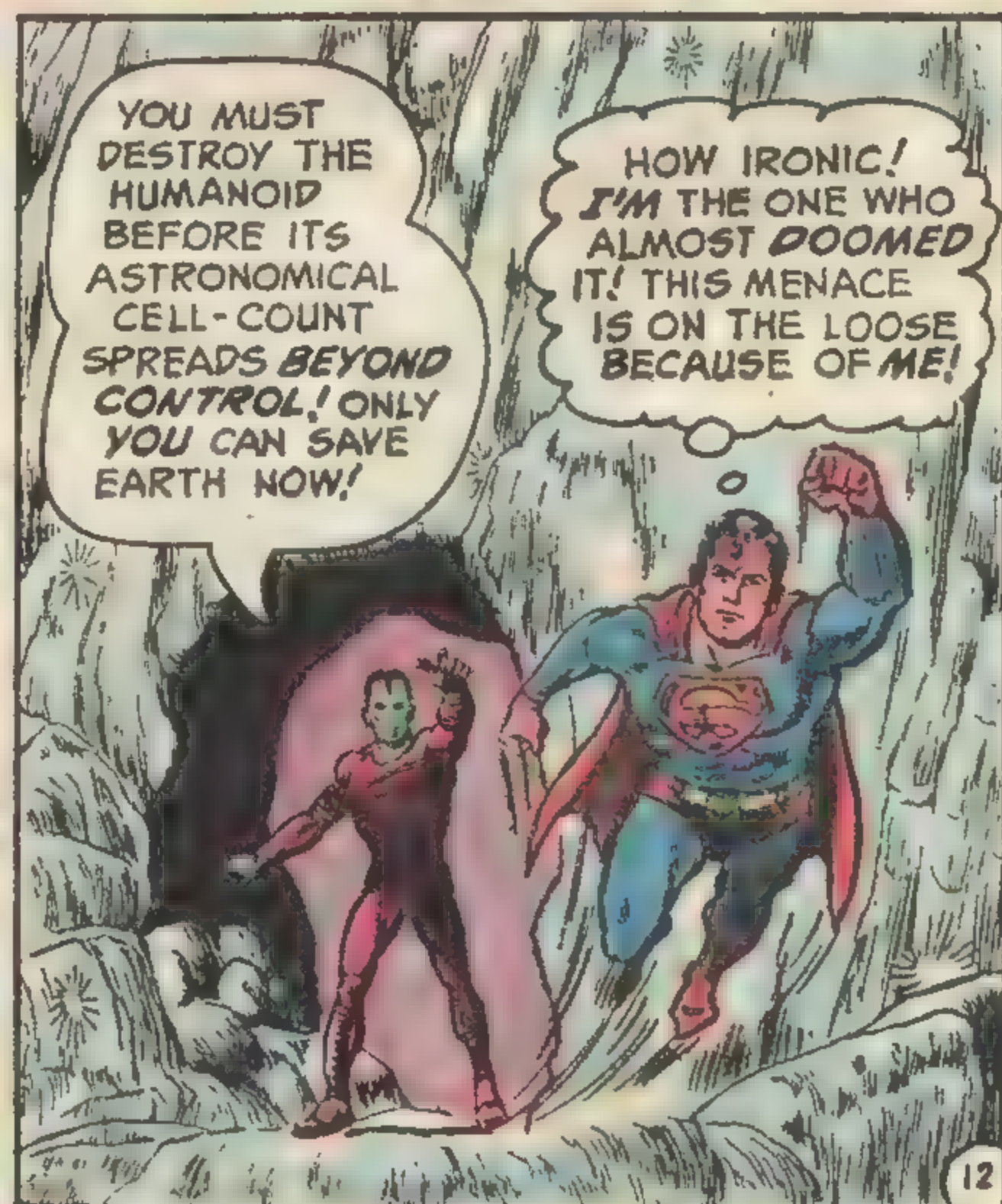
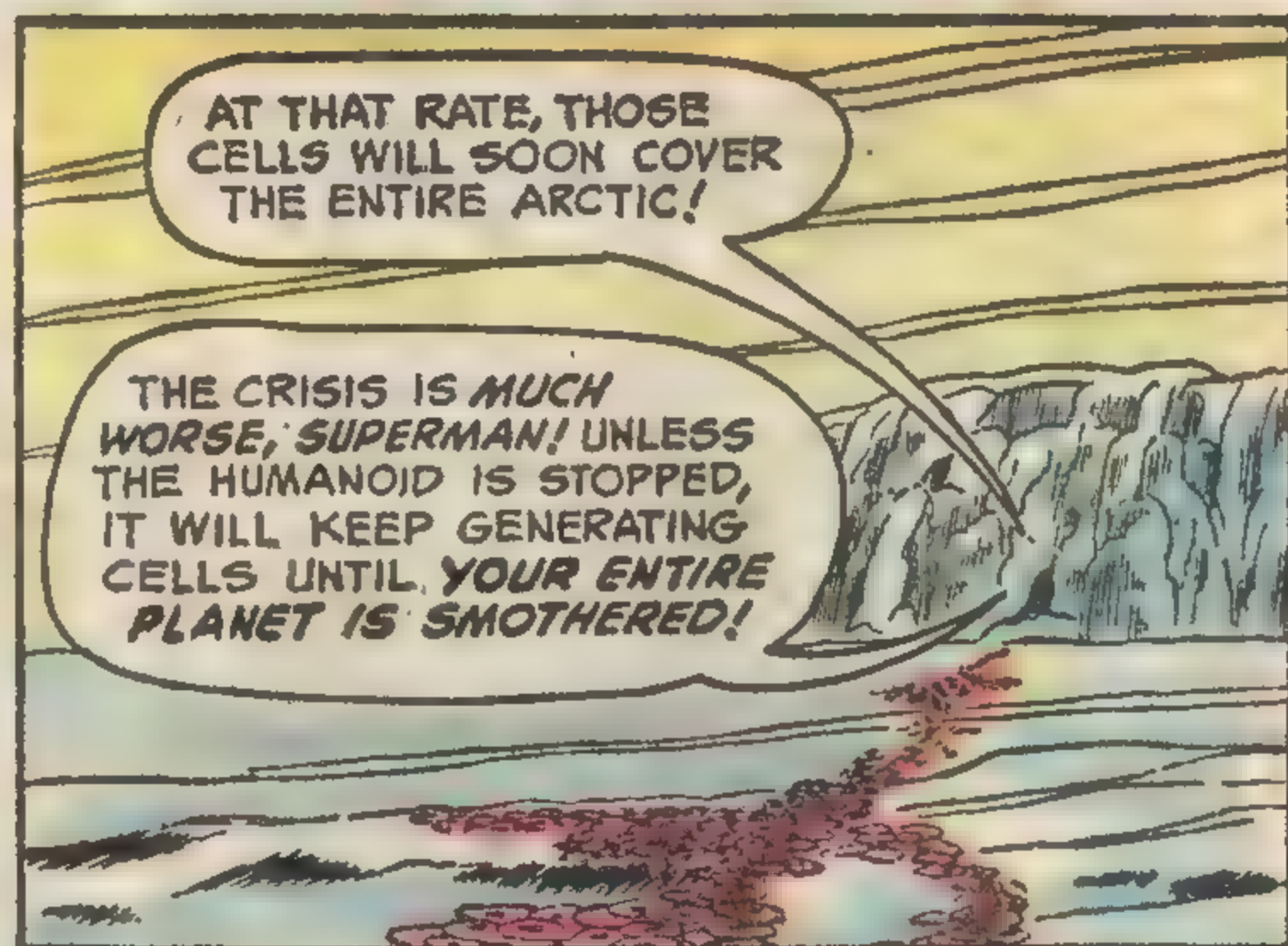
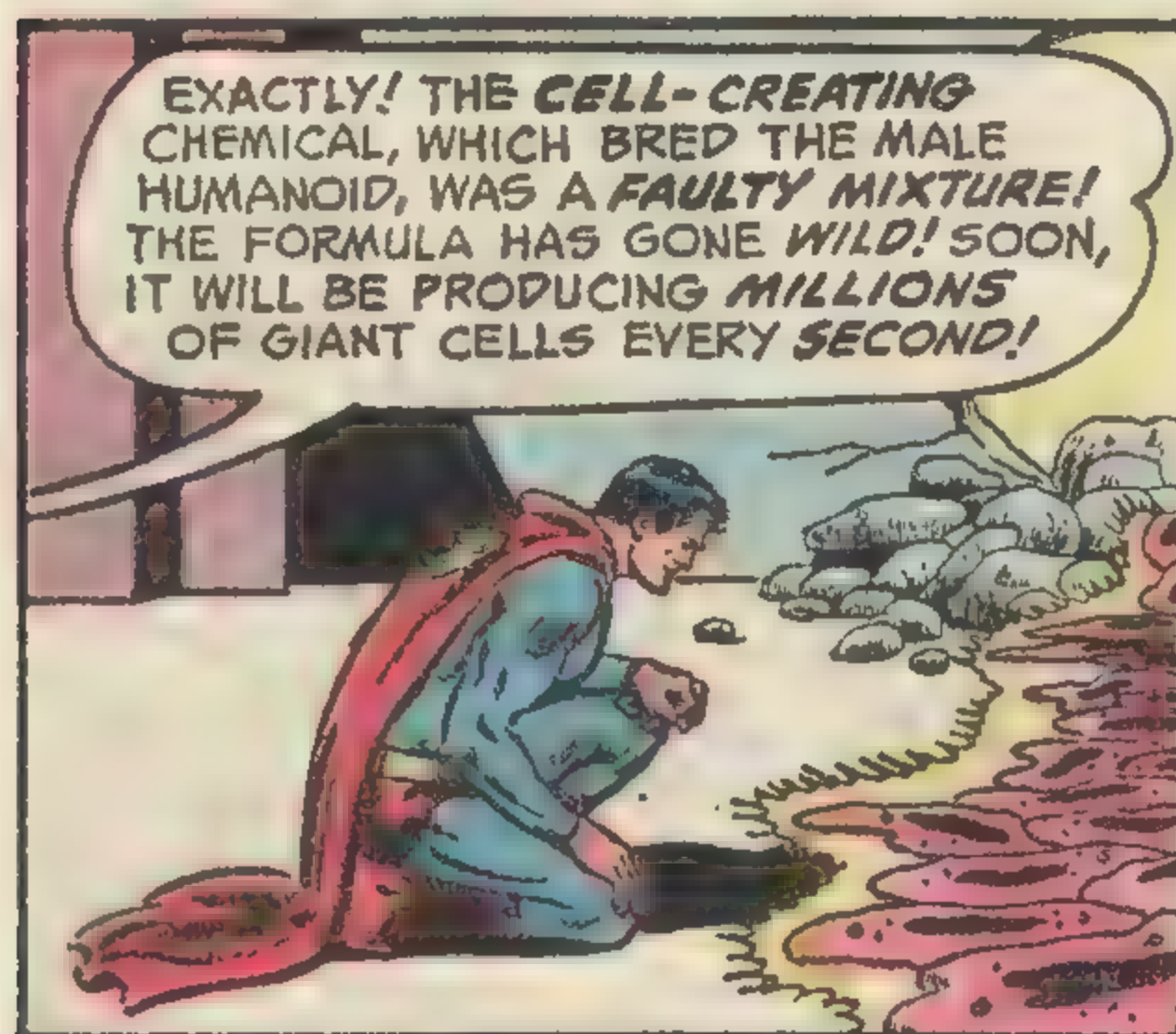
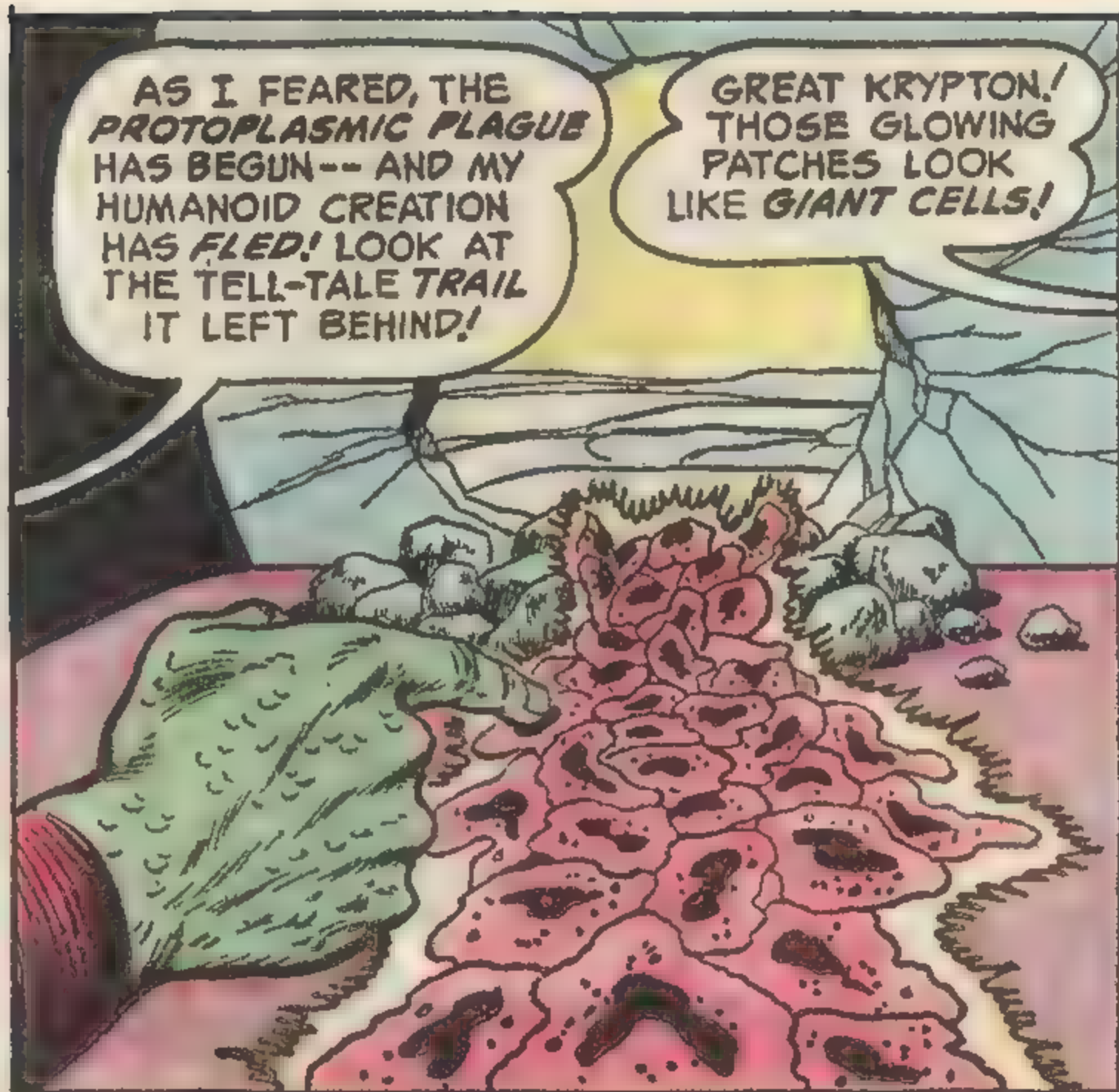
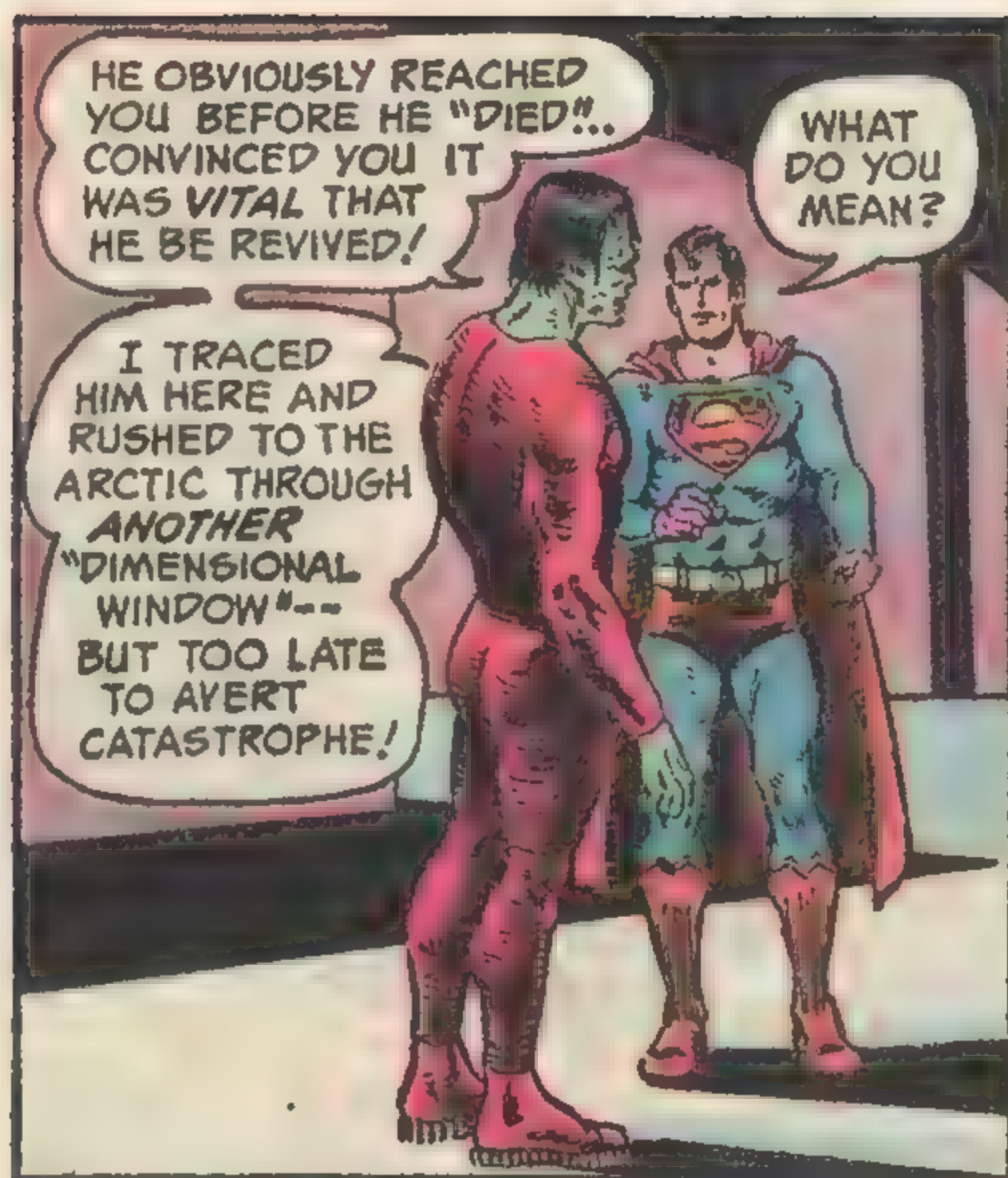
HOW DO I CHECK OUT, MASTER?

SATISFACTORY!

I COULD NOT SAY IT TO HIS FACE--BUT THESE READINGS INDICATE I MUST **DESTROY** MY MALE HUMANOID BEFORE IT CAUSES A TERRIBLE DISASTER!

"UNHAPPILY, I RESOLVED TO ANNIHILATE MY CREATION--BUT I ONLY SUCCEEDED IN **WOUNDING** HIM--AND HE FLED TO EARTH THROUGH A 'DIMENSIONAL WINDOW'..."

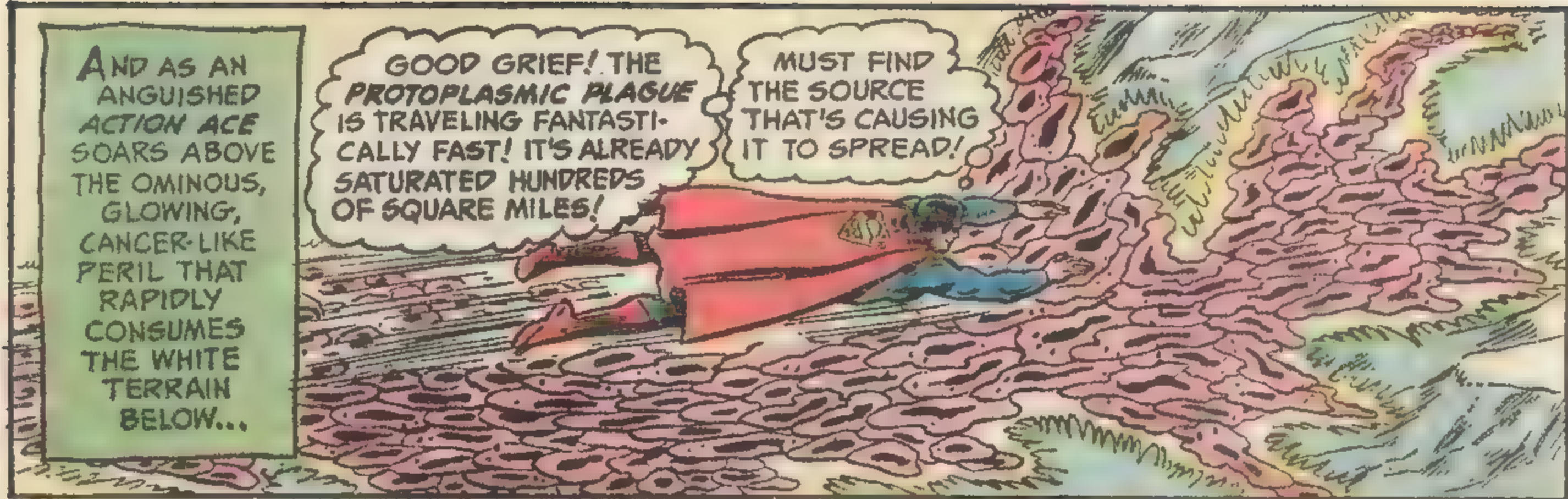




AND AS AN
ANGUISHED
ACTION ACE
SOARS ABOVE
THE OMINOUS,
GLOWING,
CANCER-LIKE
PERIL THAT
RAPIDLY
CONSUMES
THE WHITE
TERRAIN
BELOW...

GOOD GRIEF! THE
PROTOPLASMIC PLAGUE
IS TRAVELING FANTASTI-
CALLY FAST! IT'S ALREADY
SATURATED HUNDREDS
OF SQUARE MILES!

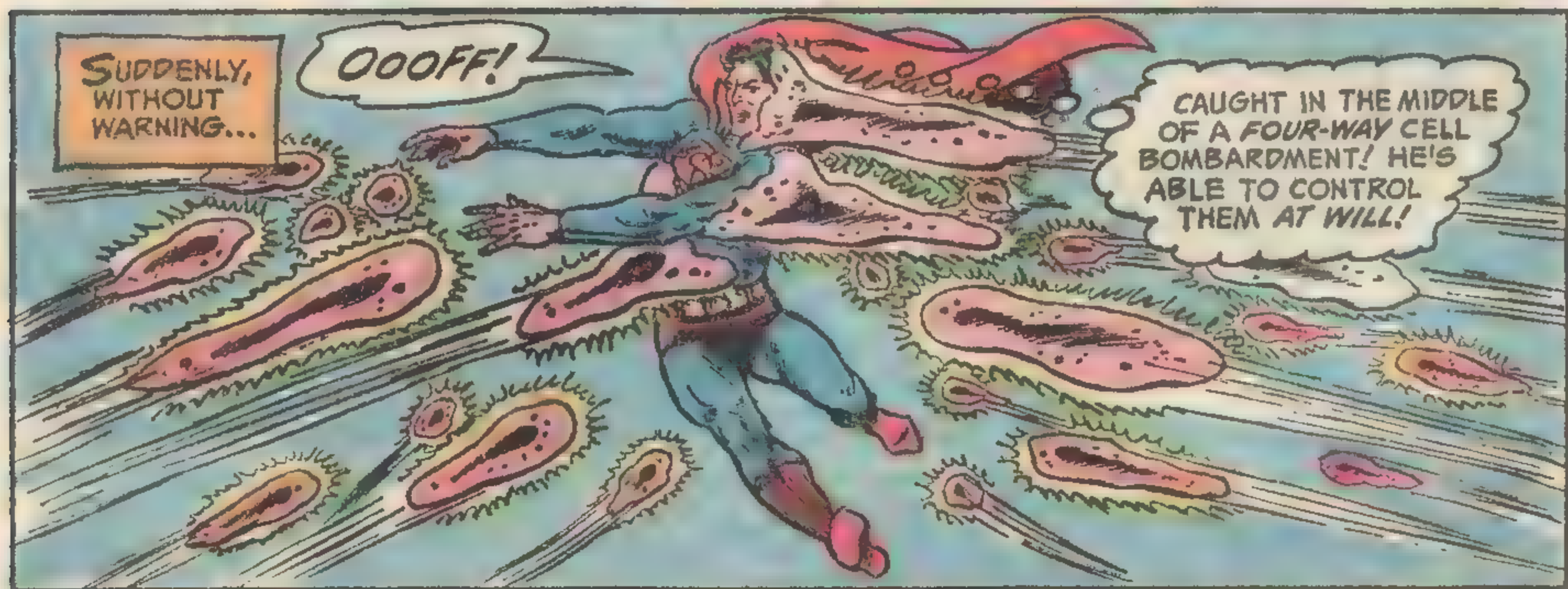
MUST FIND
THE SOURCE
THAT'S CAUSING
IT TO SPREAD!



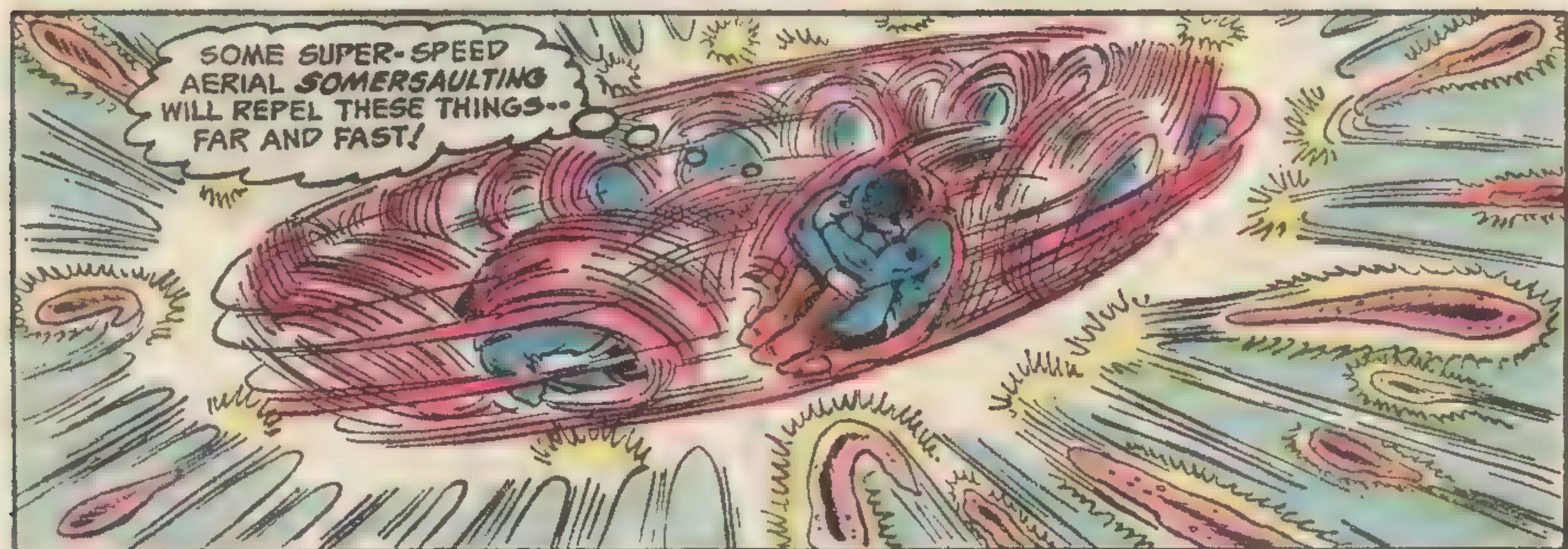
SUDDENLY,
WITHOUT
WARNING...

OOOFF!

CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE
OF A FOUR-WAY CELL
BOMBARDMENT! HE'S
ABLE TO CONTROL
THEM AT WILL!



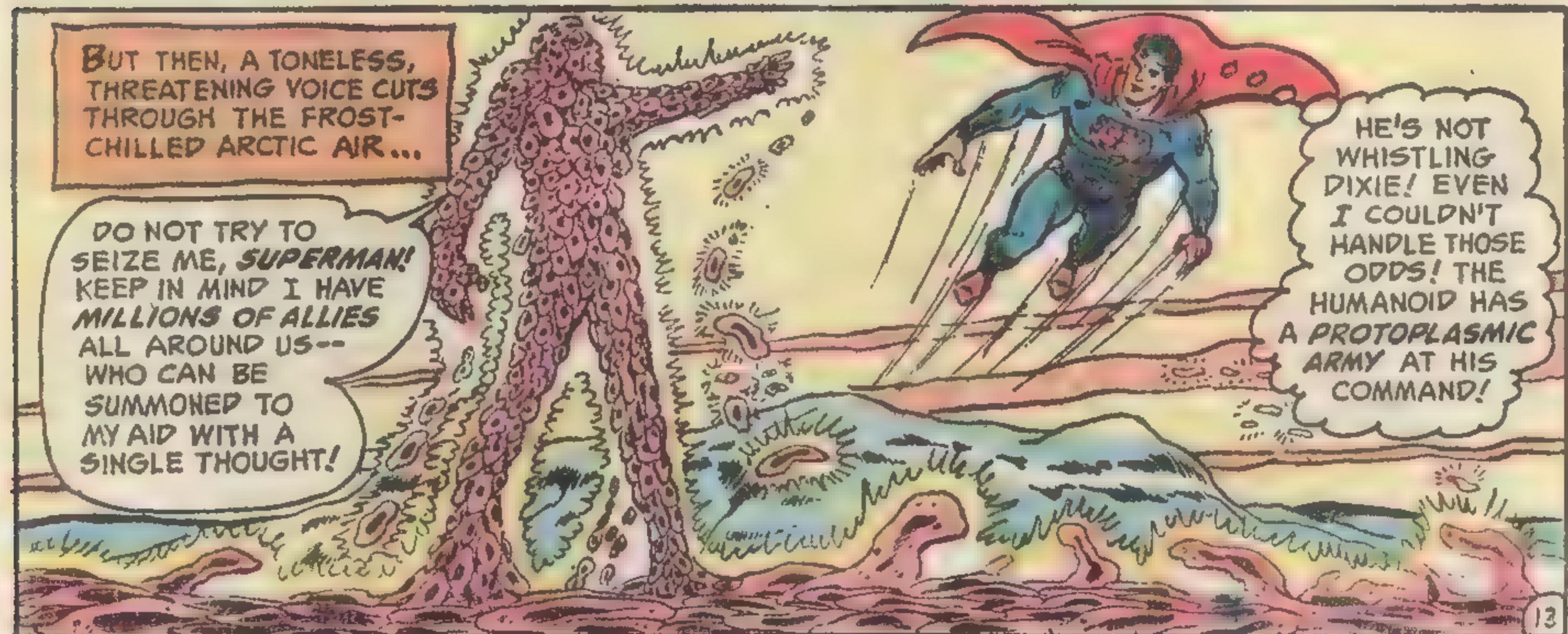
SOME SUPER-SPEED
AERIAL SOMERSAULTING
WILL REPEL THESE THINGS...
FAR AND FAST!

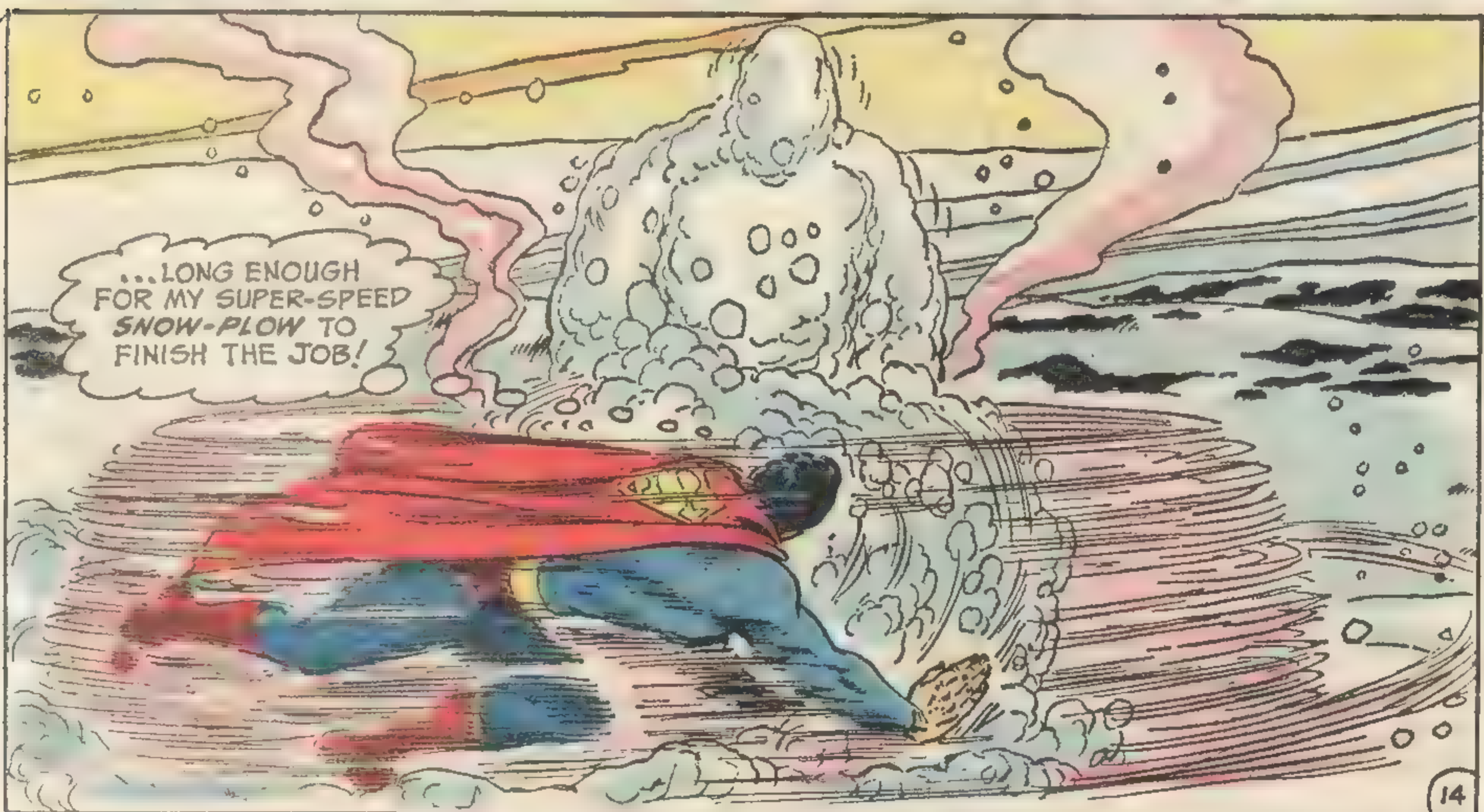
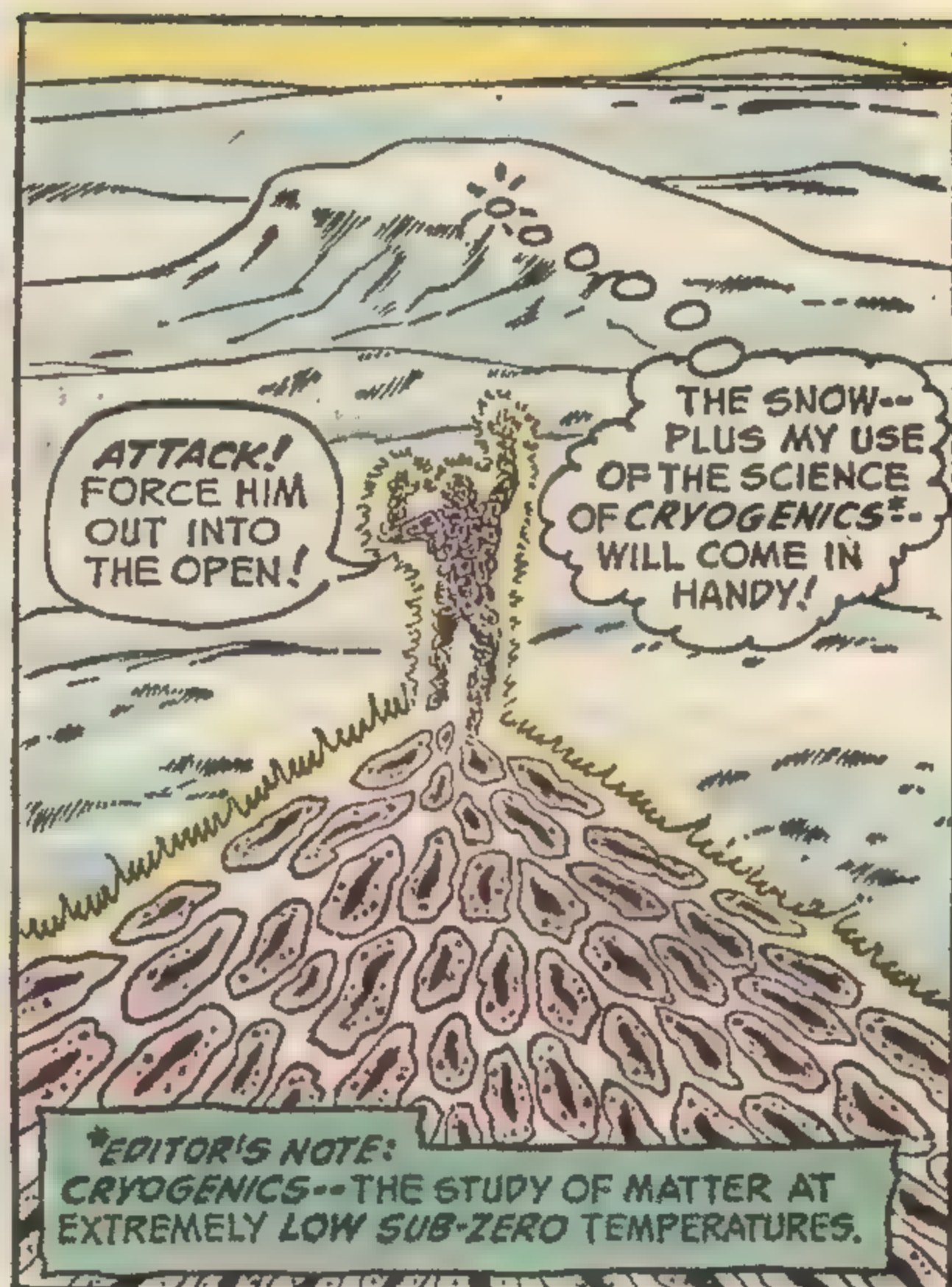
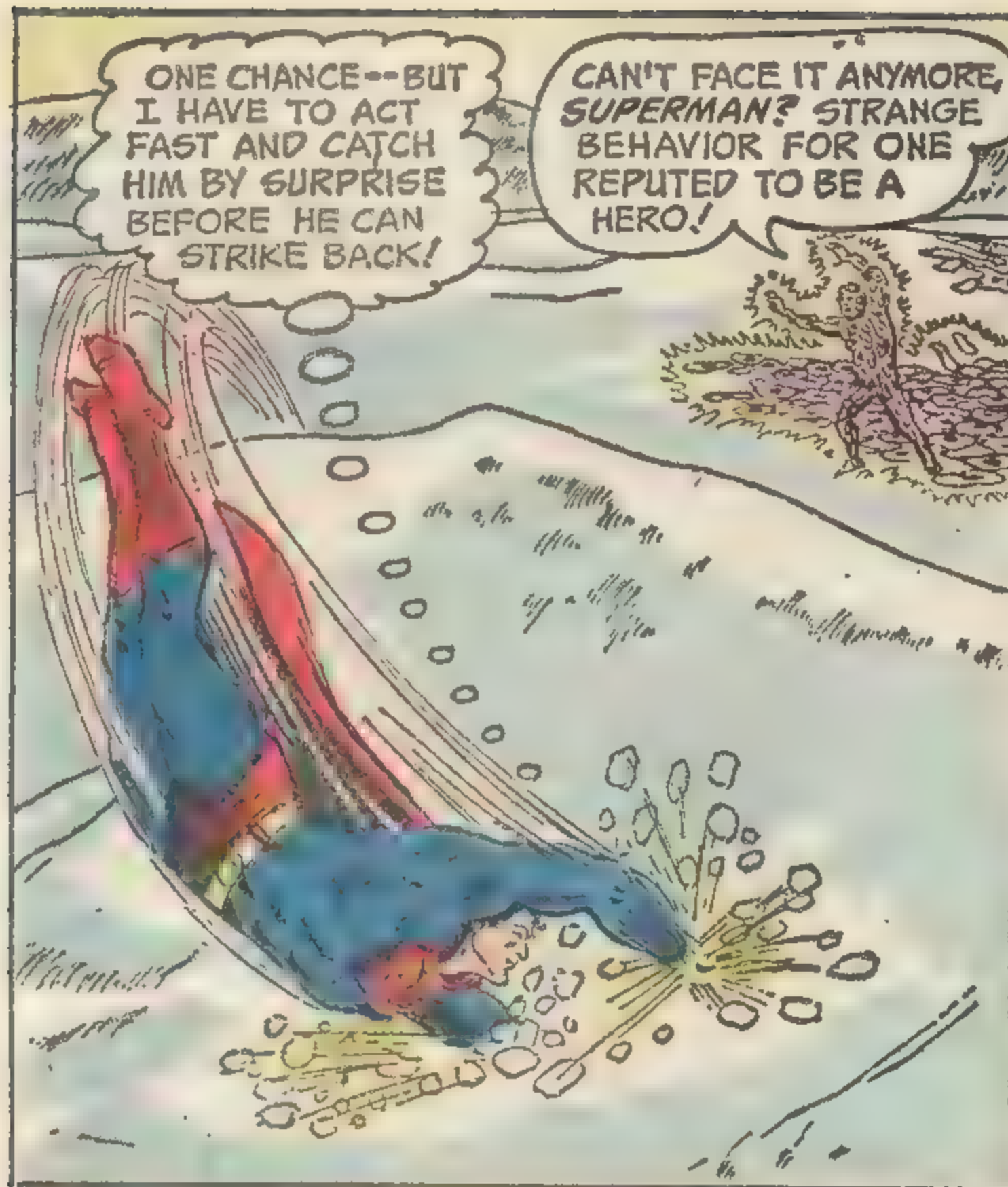


BUT THEN, A TONELESS,
THREATENING VOICE CUTS
THROUGH THE FROST-
CHILLED ARCTIC AIR...

DO NOT TRY TO
SEIZE ME, **SUPERMAN!**
KEEP IN MIND I HAVE
MILLIONS OF ALLIES
ALL AROUND US--
WHO CAN BE
SUMMONED TO
MY AID WITH A
SINGLE THOUGHT!

HE'S NOT
WHISTLING
DIXIE! EVEN
I COULDN'T
HANDLE THOSE
ODDS! THE
HUMANOID HAS
A PROTOPLASMIC
ARMY AT HIS
COMMAND!





THEN, WITH A DEVASTATING BLAST OF **SUPER-BREATH**...

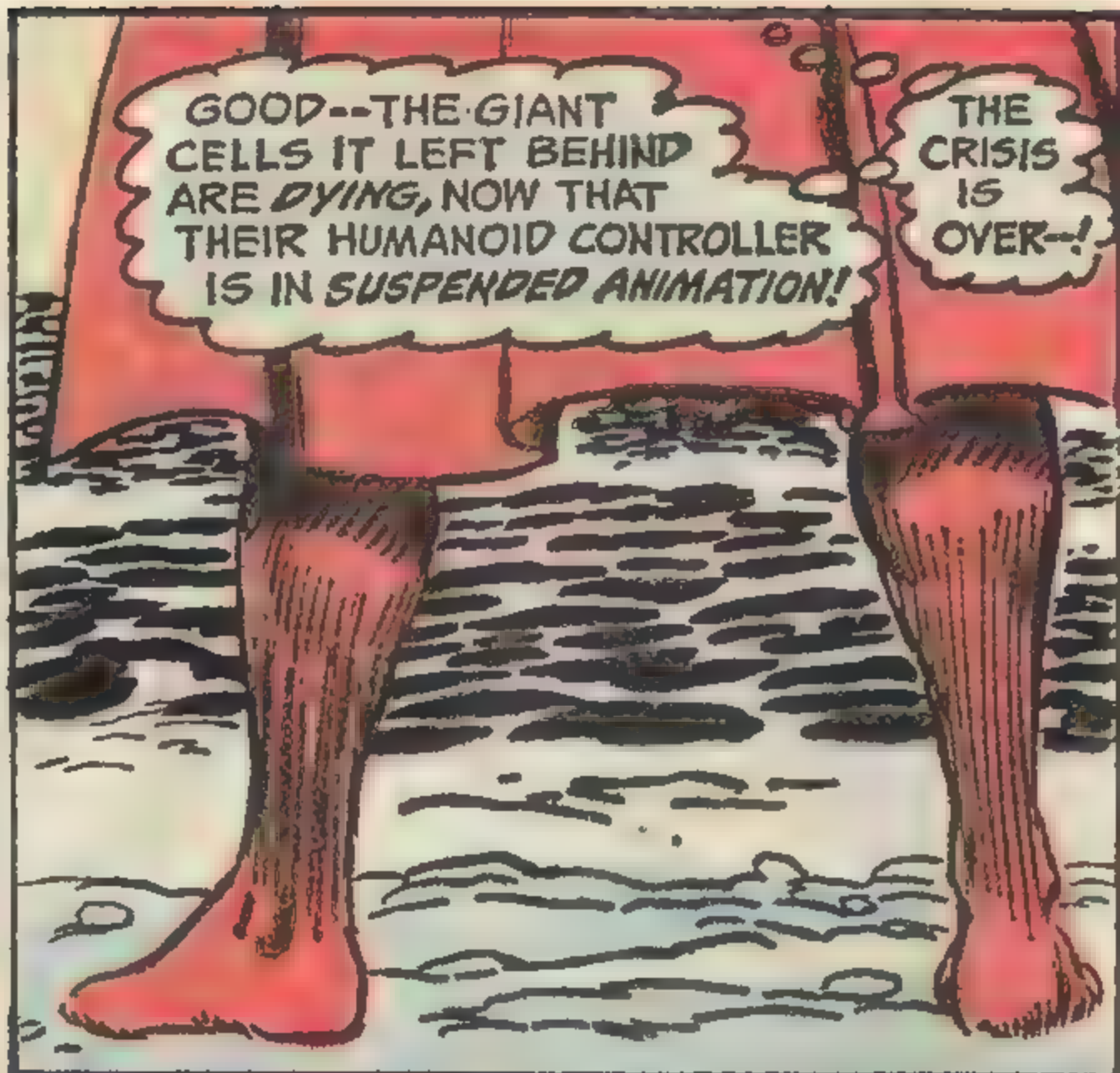
A GUST OF **ULTRA-FRIGID** AIR TRANSFORMS THE SNOW TO TERRIFICALLY HARD ICE THAT WILL NEVER MELT!

IT CAN'T MAKE ANY MORE PROTOPLASM AS LONG AS IT'S FROZEN!



GOOD--THE GIANT CELLS IT LEFT BEHIND ARE DYING, NOW THAT THEIR HUMANOID CONTROLLER IS IN **SUSPENDED ANIMATION**!

THE CRISIS IS OVER--!



SOON...

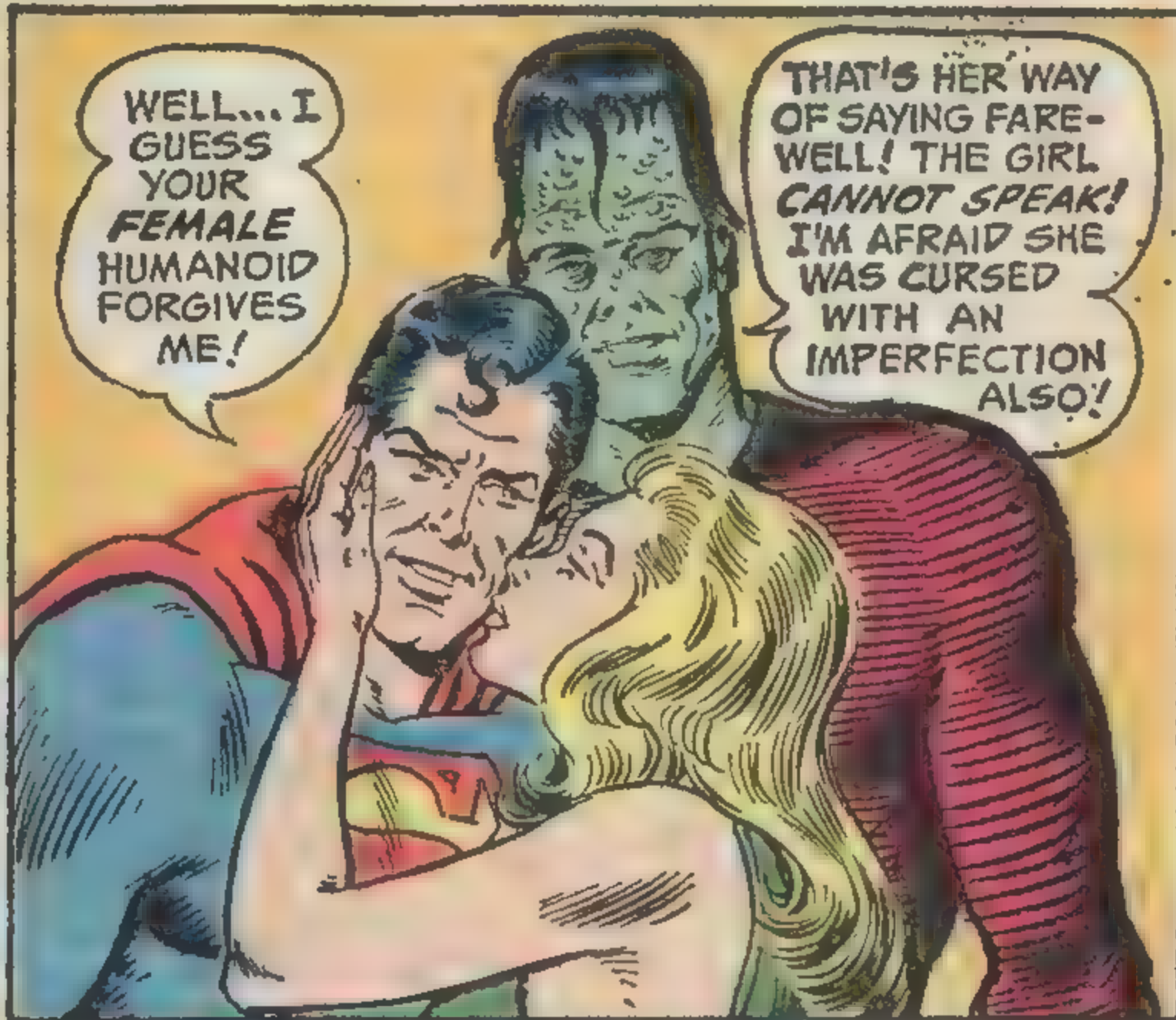
...AND WHEN I RIPPED OFF YOUR **CLARK KENT** GUISE, I HOPED YOU'D REALIZE I WAS AN **INTELLIGENT** CREATURE WHO ALREADY KNEW YOUR DOUBLE-IDENTITY!

BUT I NEVER GAVE YOU A CHANCE! WHAT A MISTAKE I MADE!



WELL... I GUESS YOUR **FEMALE** HUMANOID FORGIVES ME!

THAT'S HER WAY OF SAYING FAREWELL! THE GIRL **CANNOT SPEAK**! I'M AFRAID SHE WAS CURSED WITH AN IMPERFECTION ALSO!



AND AS A "DIMENSIONAL WINDOW" MOMENTARILY APPEARS...

I SHALL TRY TO CREATE **ANOTHER** ARTIFICIAL MATE FOR HER BEFORE I DIE! SHE DESERVES MORE THAN SOLITUDE AFTER I'M GONE!

SOMEHOW, I KNOW YOU'LL SUCCEED THIS TIME!

AND TO THINK I CALLED HIM A **MONSTER**!



The END

Key Features

2 GIANT BATTLEFIELDS a total size of 3 square feet. (Six Islands in the Pacific Ocean beautifully colored.)

- 60 PIECE TASK FORCE IN GRAY & GREEN**
- 4 AIRCRAFT CARRIERS** **24 PLANES**
- 4 DESTROYERS** **8 LANDING BARGES**
- 4 BATTLESHIPS** **4 HEADQUARTERS**
- 16 TANKS WITH MOVEABLE TURRETS**
- 24 PILL BOXES**

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375 RED MARKERS—enough to record the massive bombings and shellings.

Simple directions for a tense battle on land, sea and air. The general best able to strategically place his forces and direct his firing will be the only survivor of this terrific battle.

There is no imagination necessary here!! You get the equipment, the battlefield and the rules on how to Locate, Occupy and Destroy the enemy. This is not just another juvenile game, it is actually played and tremendously enjoyed by over 200,000 people including members of our real Armed Forces.

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- A COMPLETE GAME
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- 1 HUGE REALISTIC UNION STOCKADE FORT
- 4 SHELTERED OBSERVATION TOWERS • 2 FORT FLAGS with masts
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- 2 ARMIES • 64 Troops in Blue and Grey, fully equipped and in all battle positions
- 25 RED TNT BOXES • FORT COMMANDER • 6 EXPLODING BRIDGES
- SIMPLE DIRECTIONS for fighting your way across the battlefield with enough men and equipment to attack and capture the enemy fort.
- 3 D plastic taste and reusable.

YOU RECEIVE

ENCLOSING
BRIDGES ACTUALLY
BLOW APART RIGHT OFF
THE RIVER

1.69
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Cummack, New York 11725

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THIS GAME IS DEDICATED
TO FORGETTING HEROES OF
CHICKAMAUGA

BLUE-OLE

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ONE MILE INSIDE
EARTH, A STRANGE
LIQUID OOZES
THROUGH PRIMEVAL
PALEOZOIC LAYERS...
SEEKING...
SEEKING...

...REACHING
SCALDING VEINS OF
UNDERGROUND
WATER, IT REFORMS
INTO A STREAMLINED
THING -- AND DIVES
DOWN... **DOWN...**

...THROUGH
STRATA OF
UNBELIEVABLE
PRESSURE, IT
SEEPS ITS WAY
AS A SEARCHING
GAS...

...UNTIL, EMERGING INTO A
CRUMBLING UNDERGROUND
GALLERY, IT BEGINS TO
ASSUME **HUMAN SHAPE!**

METAMORPHO

THE ELEMENT MAN

YES, IT IS NONE OTHER THAN
THE FABULOUS FREAK,
**METAMORPHO, THE
ELEMENT MAN!**

AIEEEEEEE!

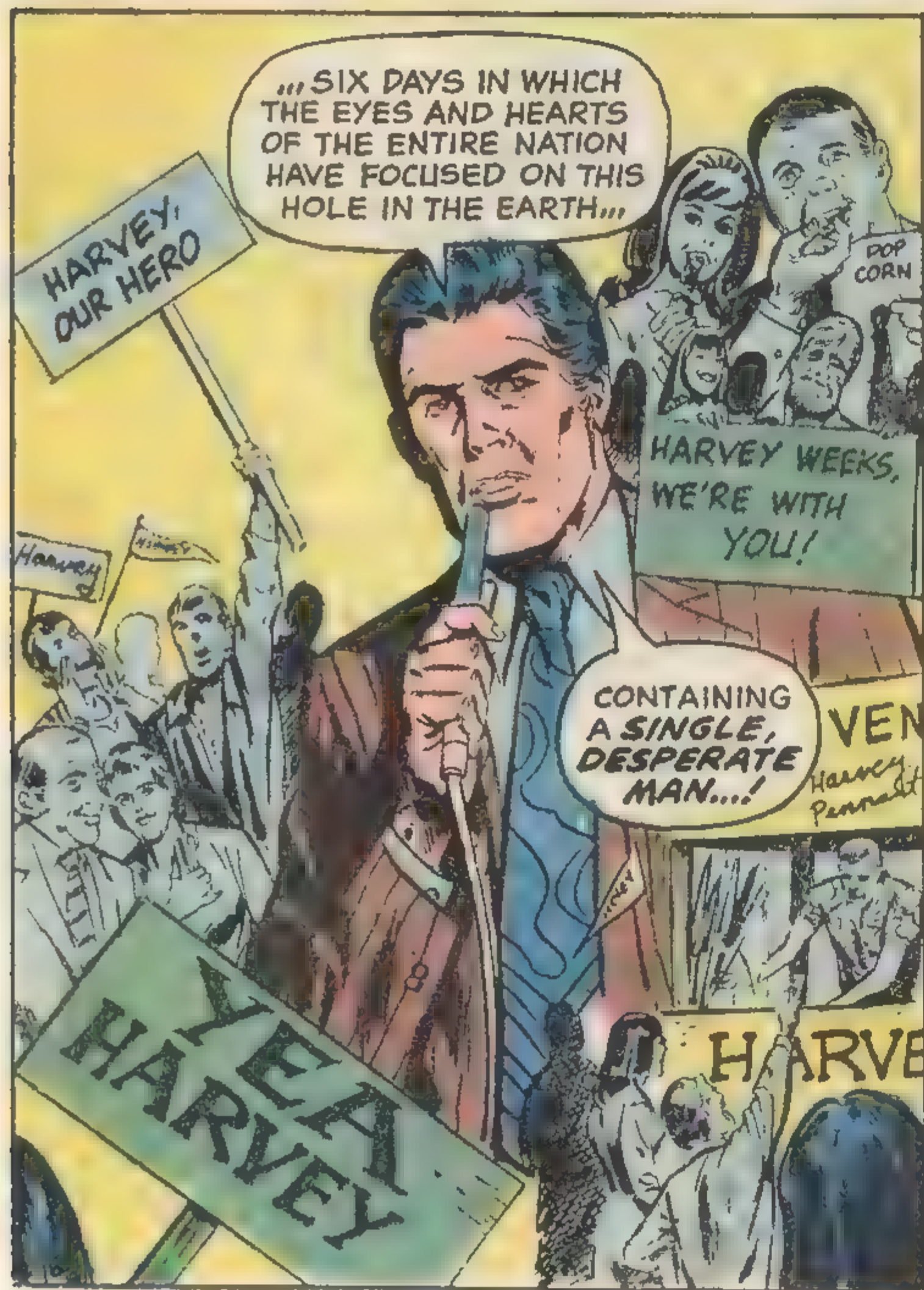
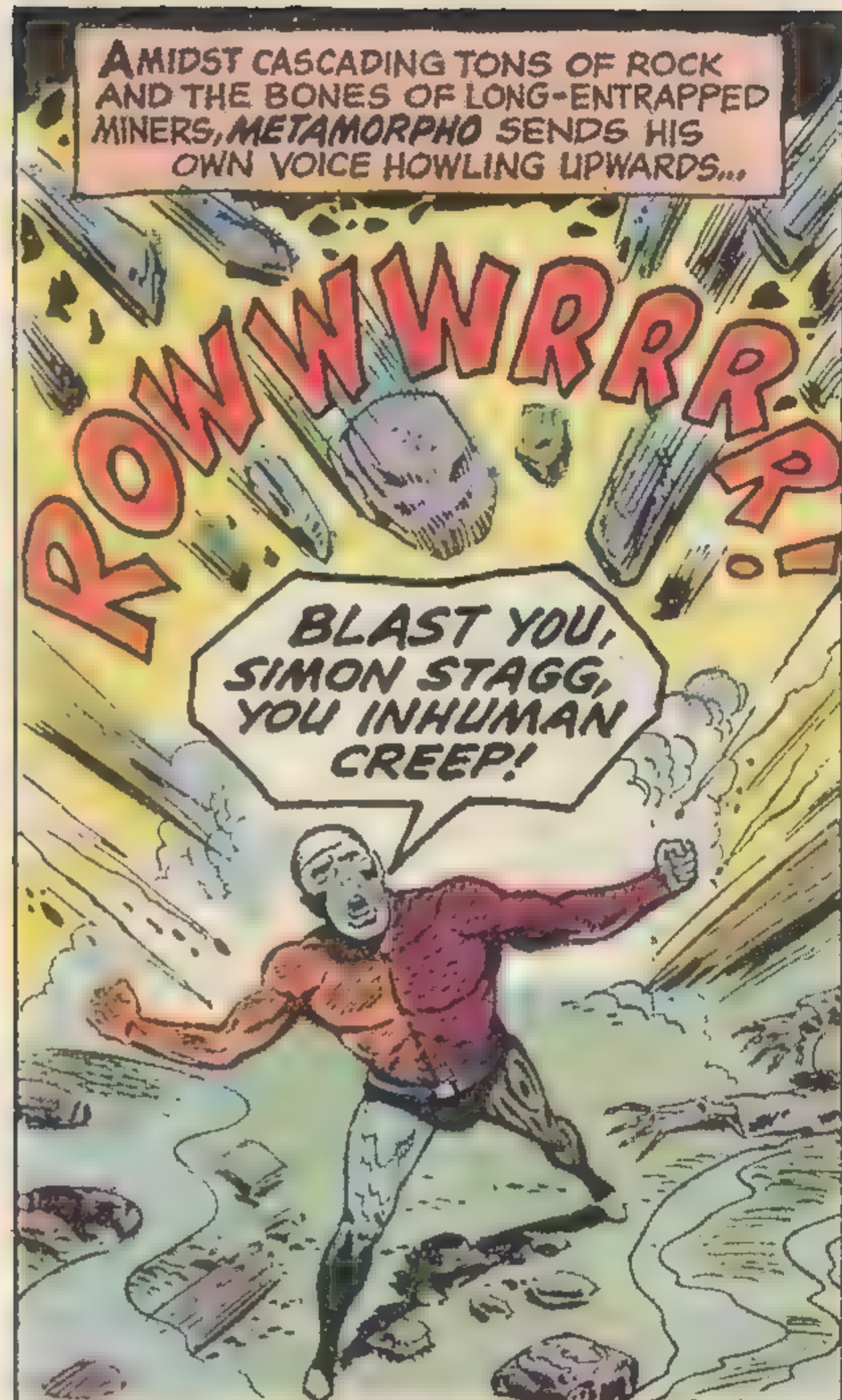
KRAAAA!

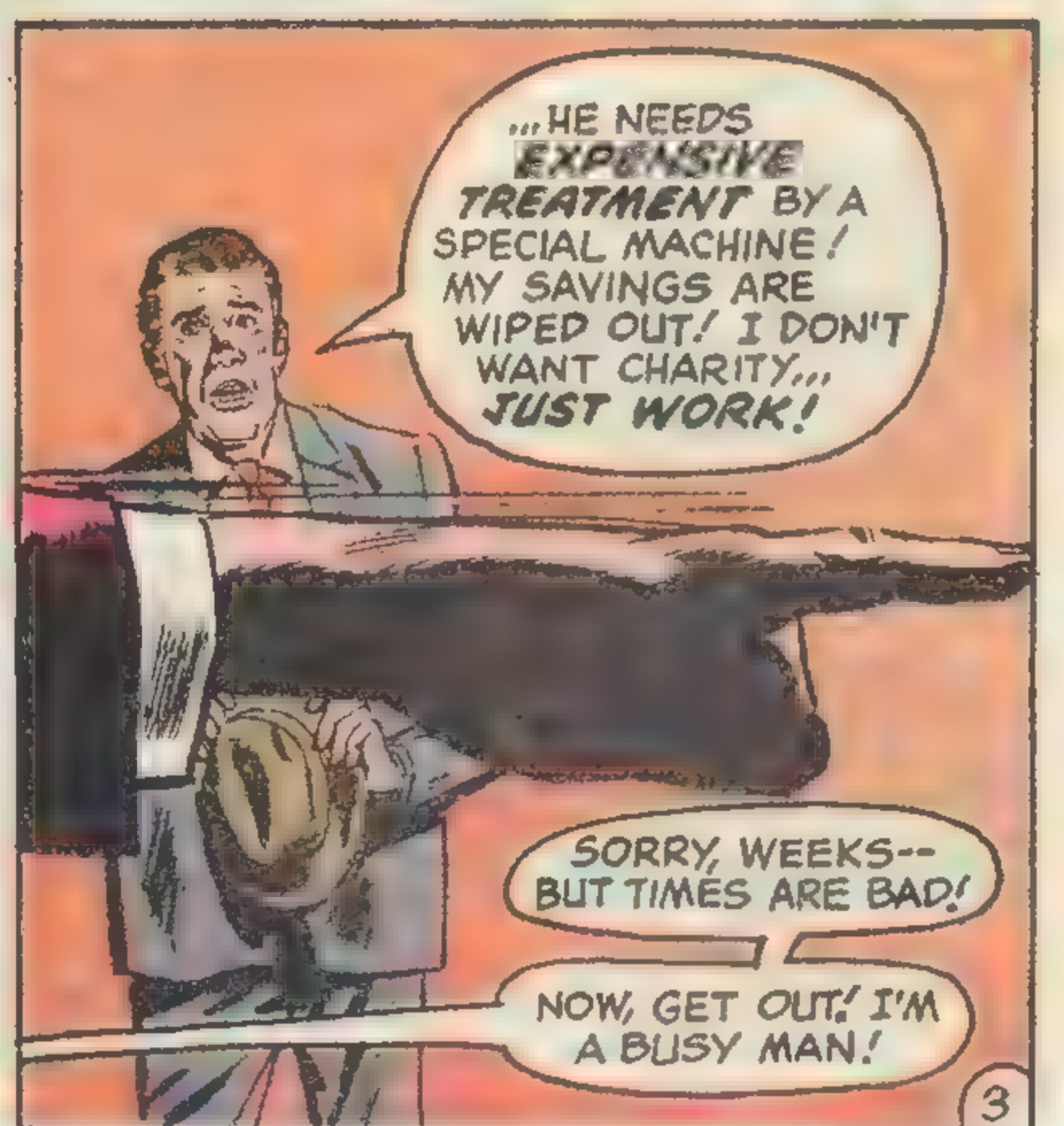
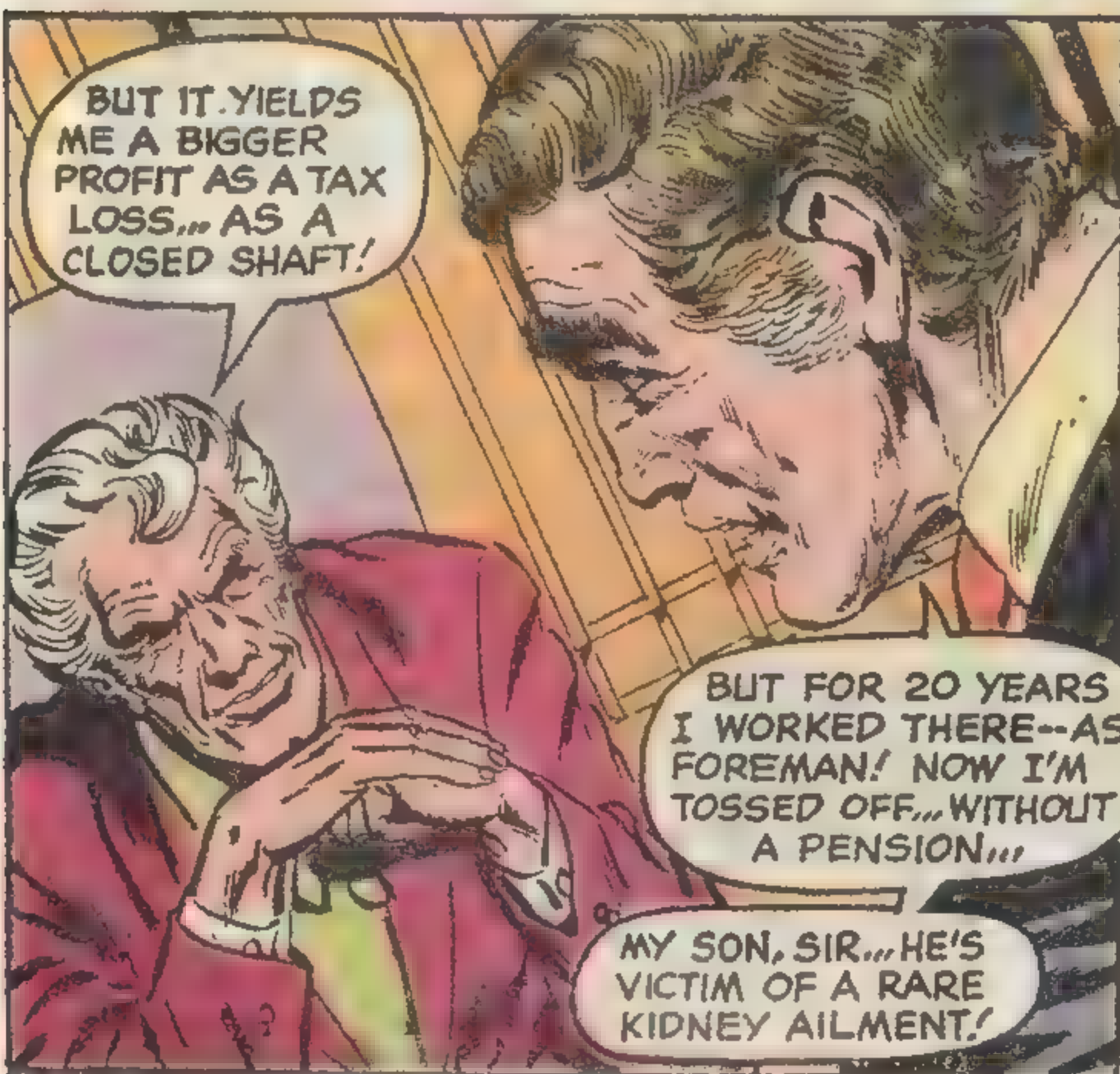
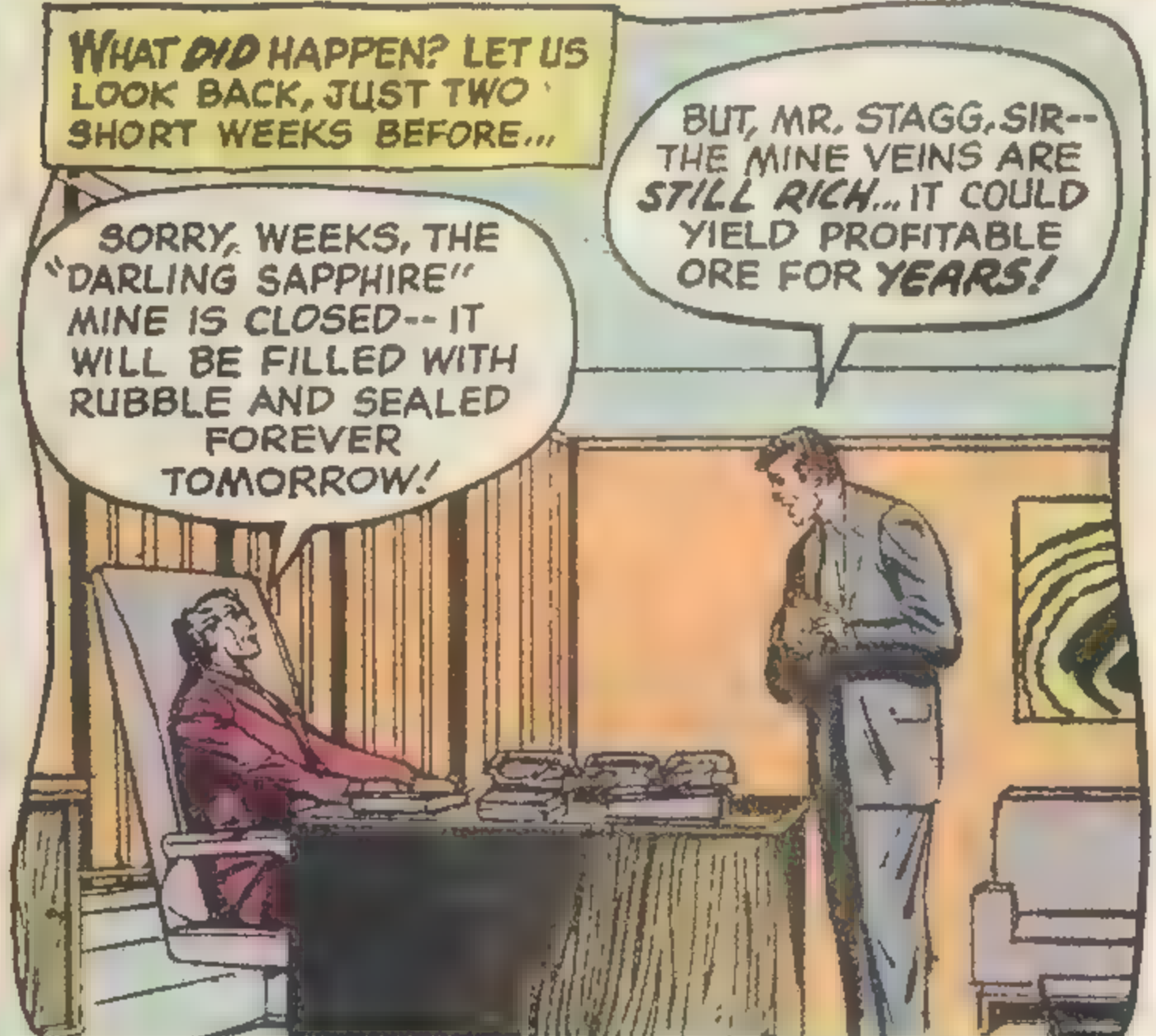
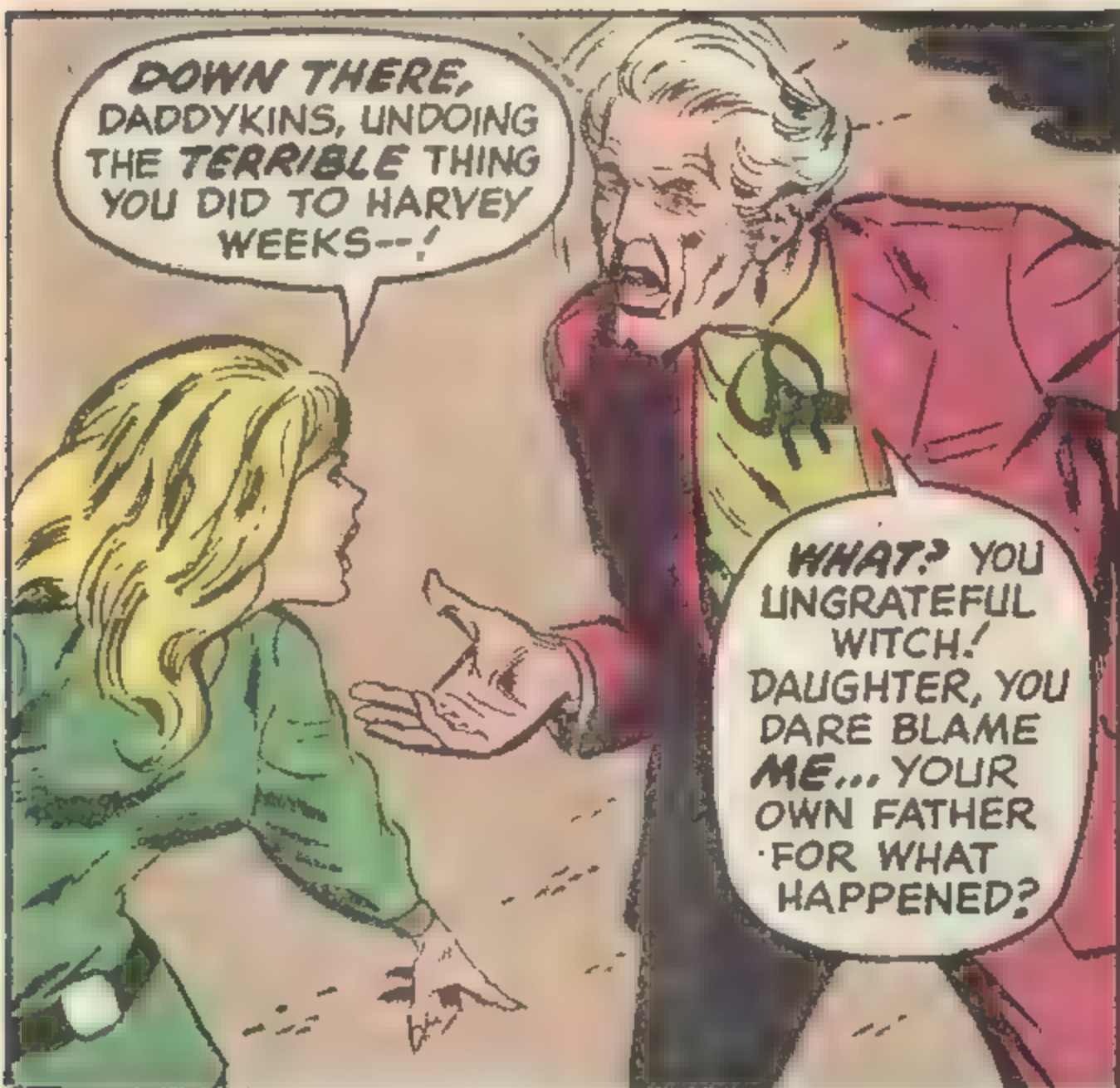
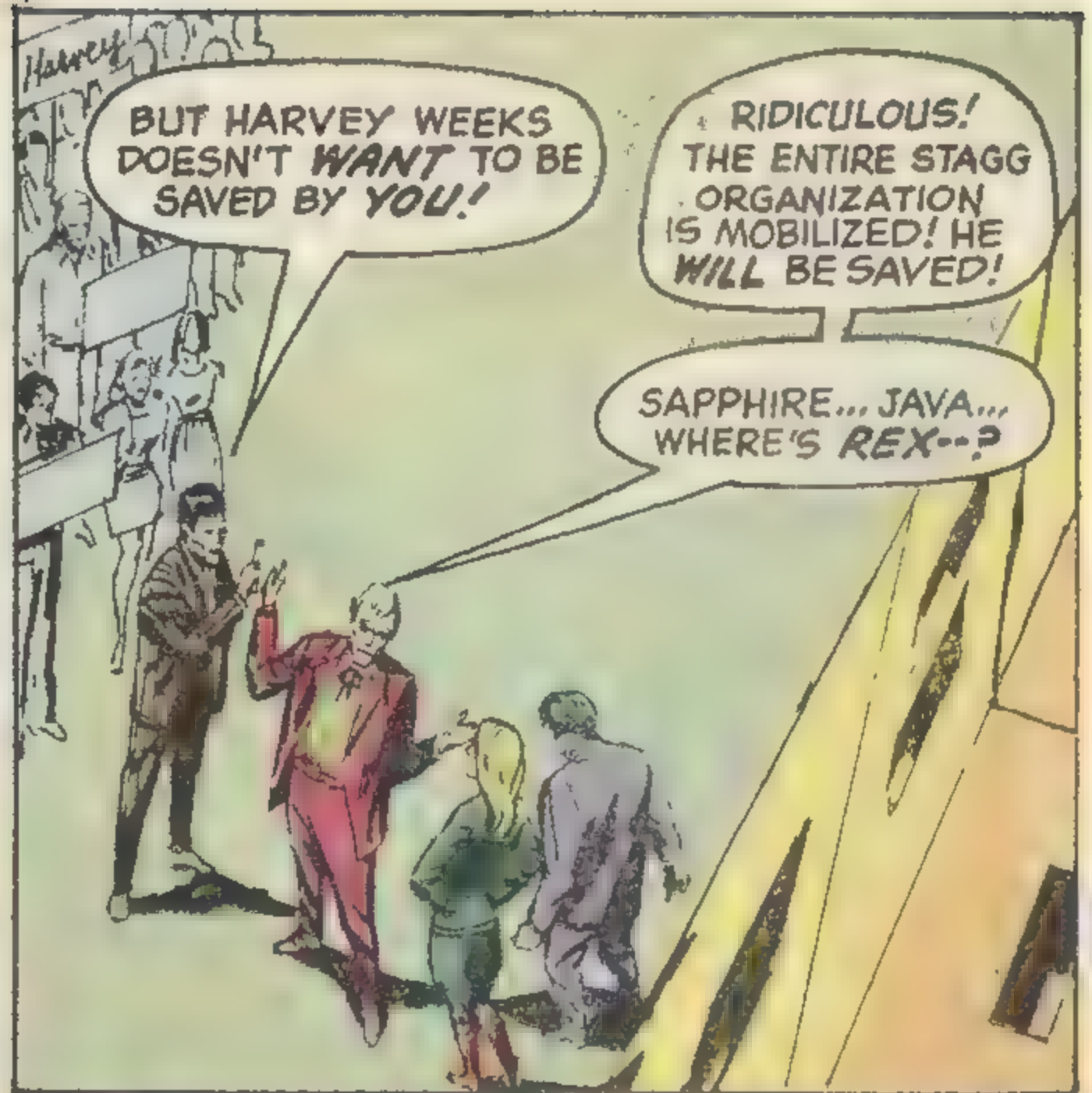
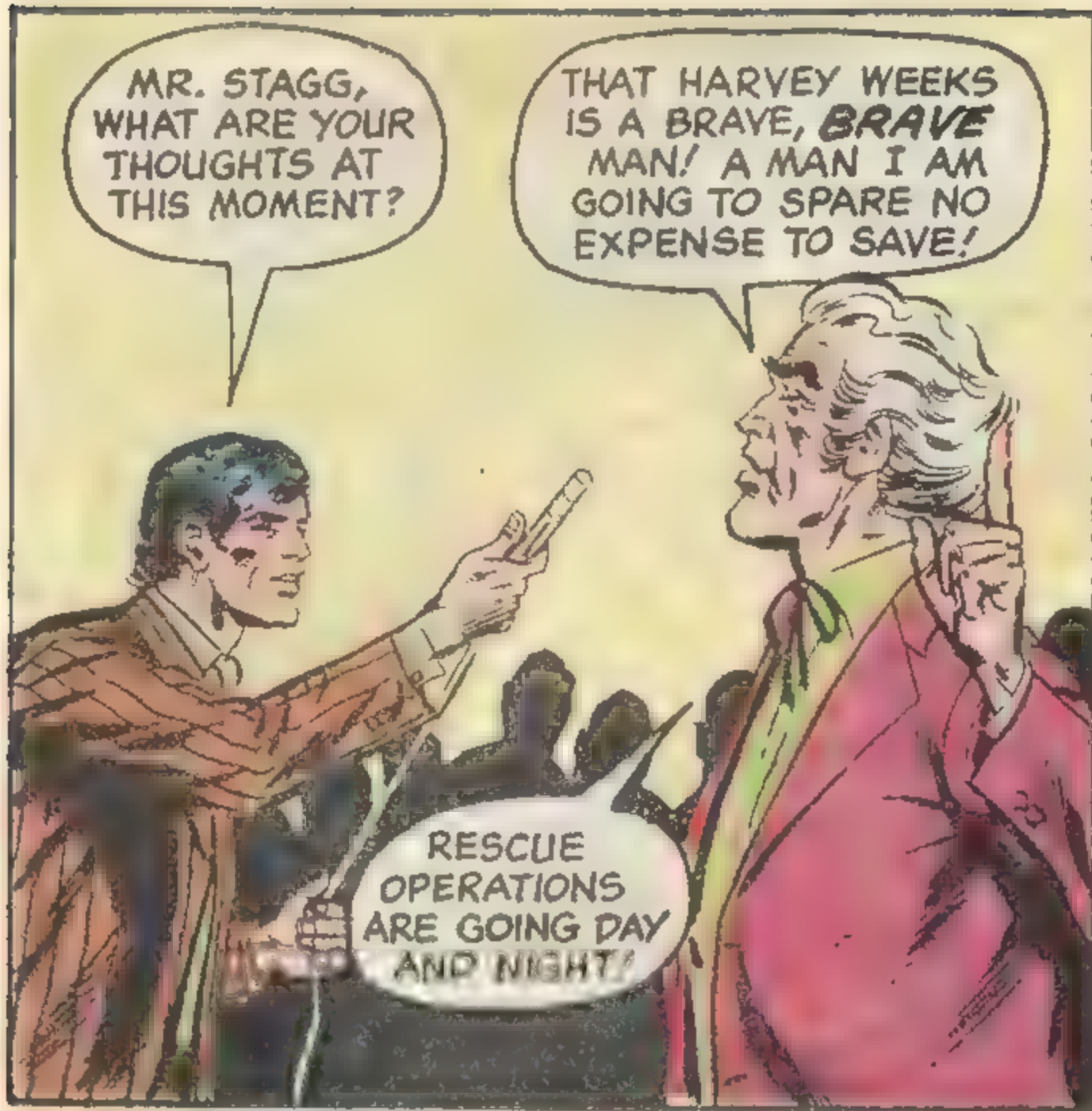
ROAAARRR!

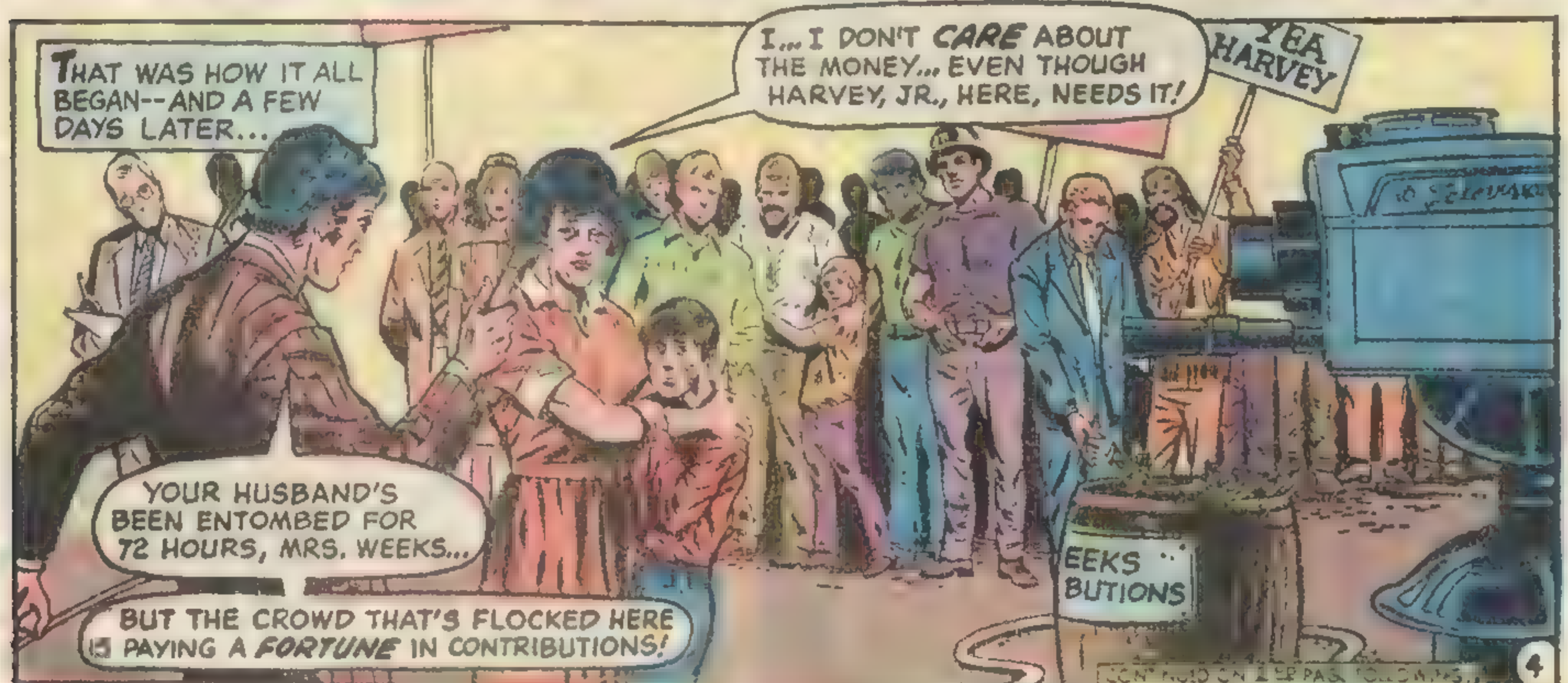
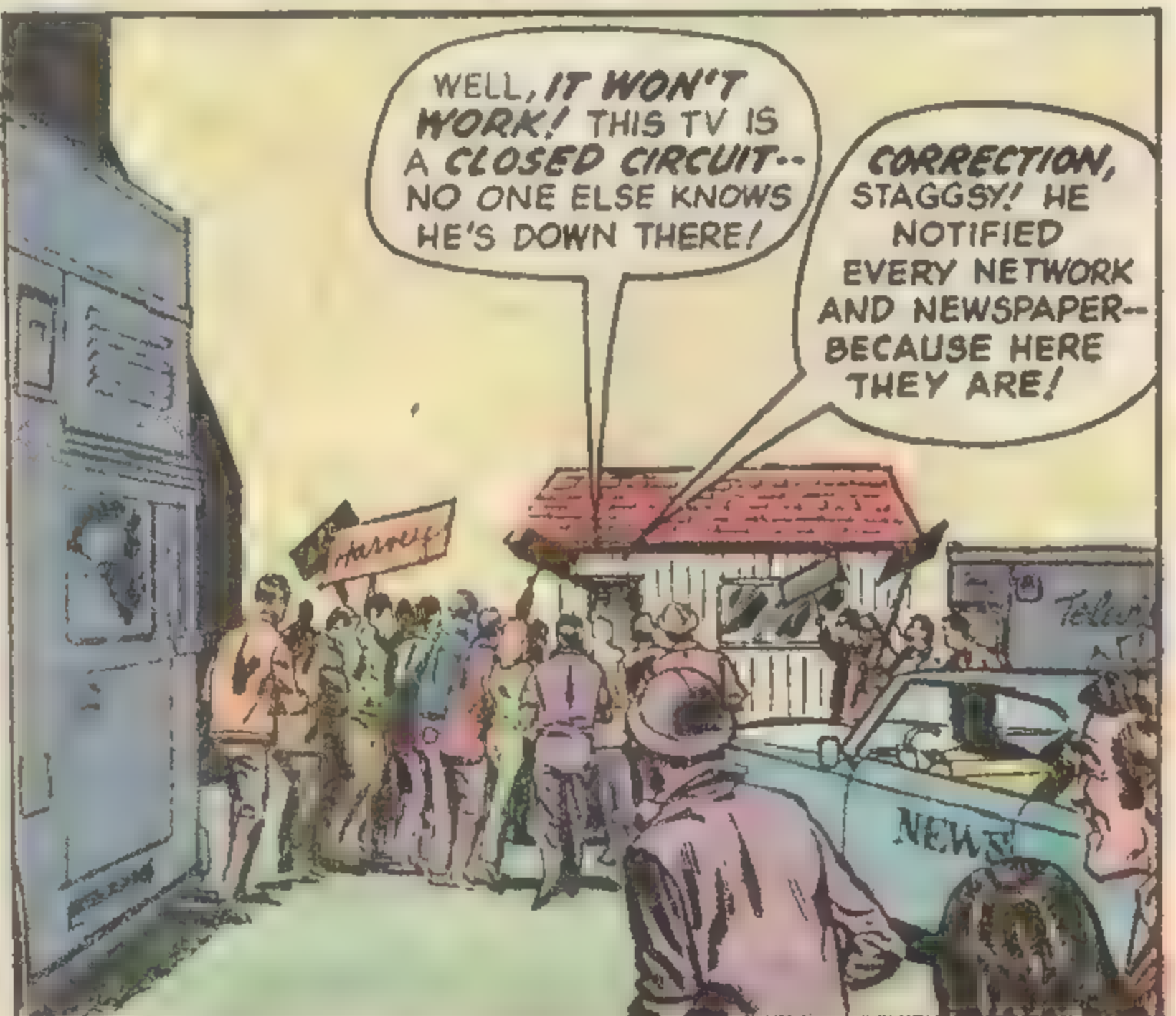
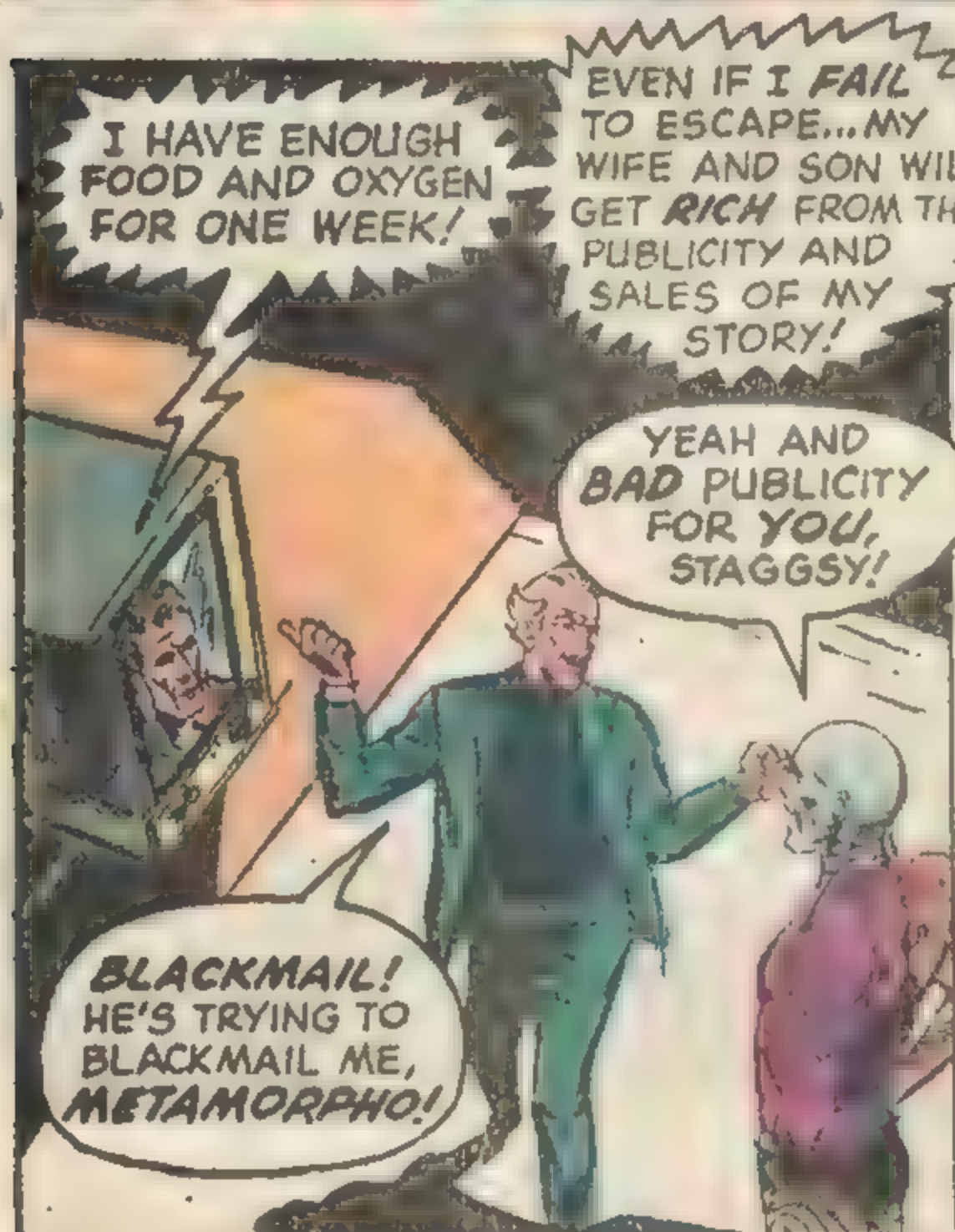
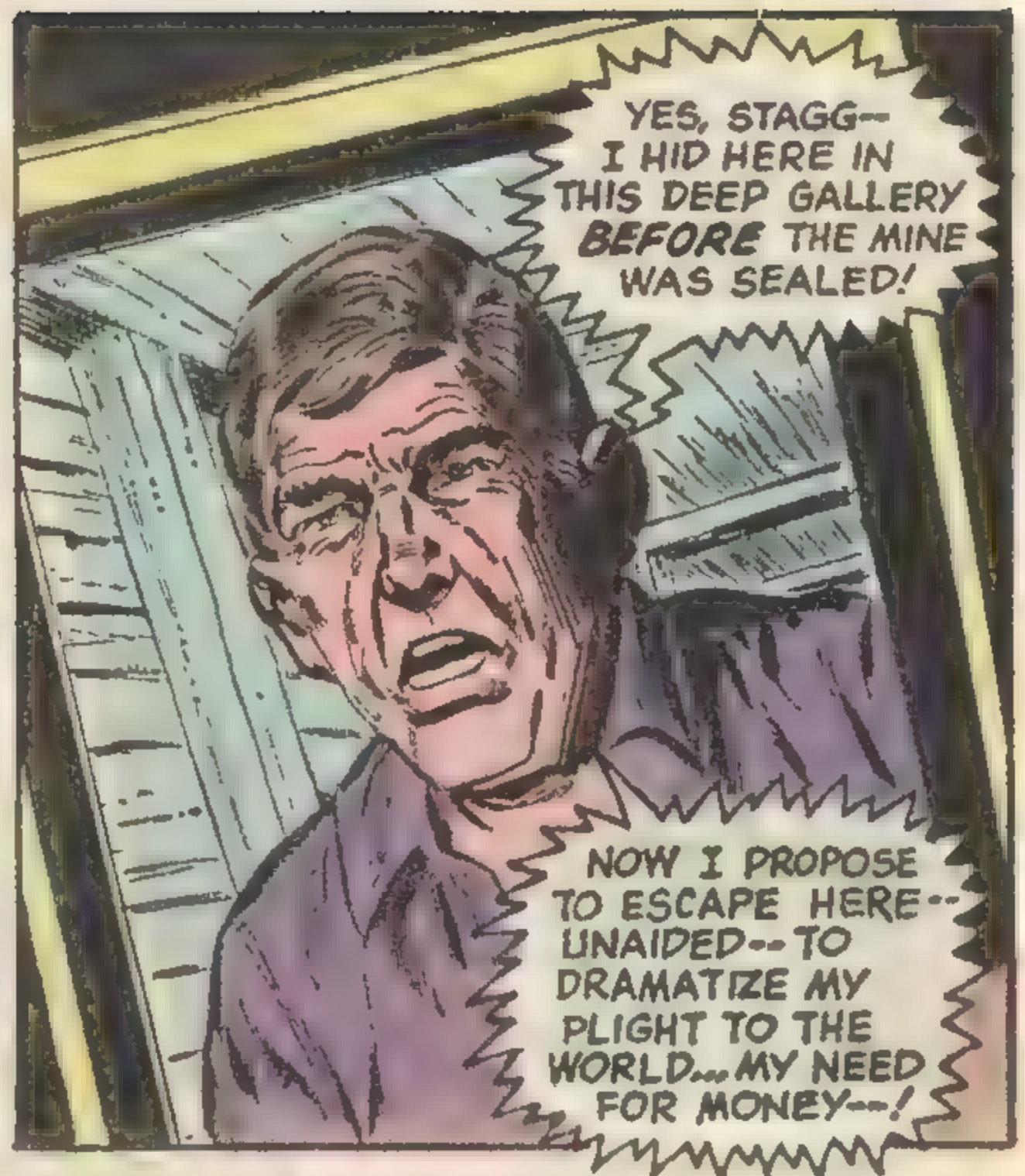
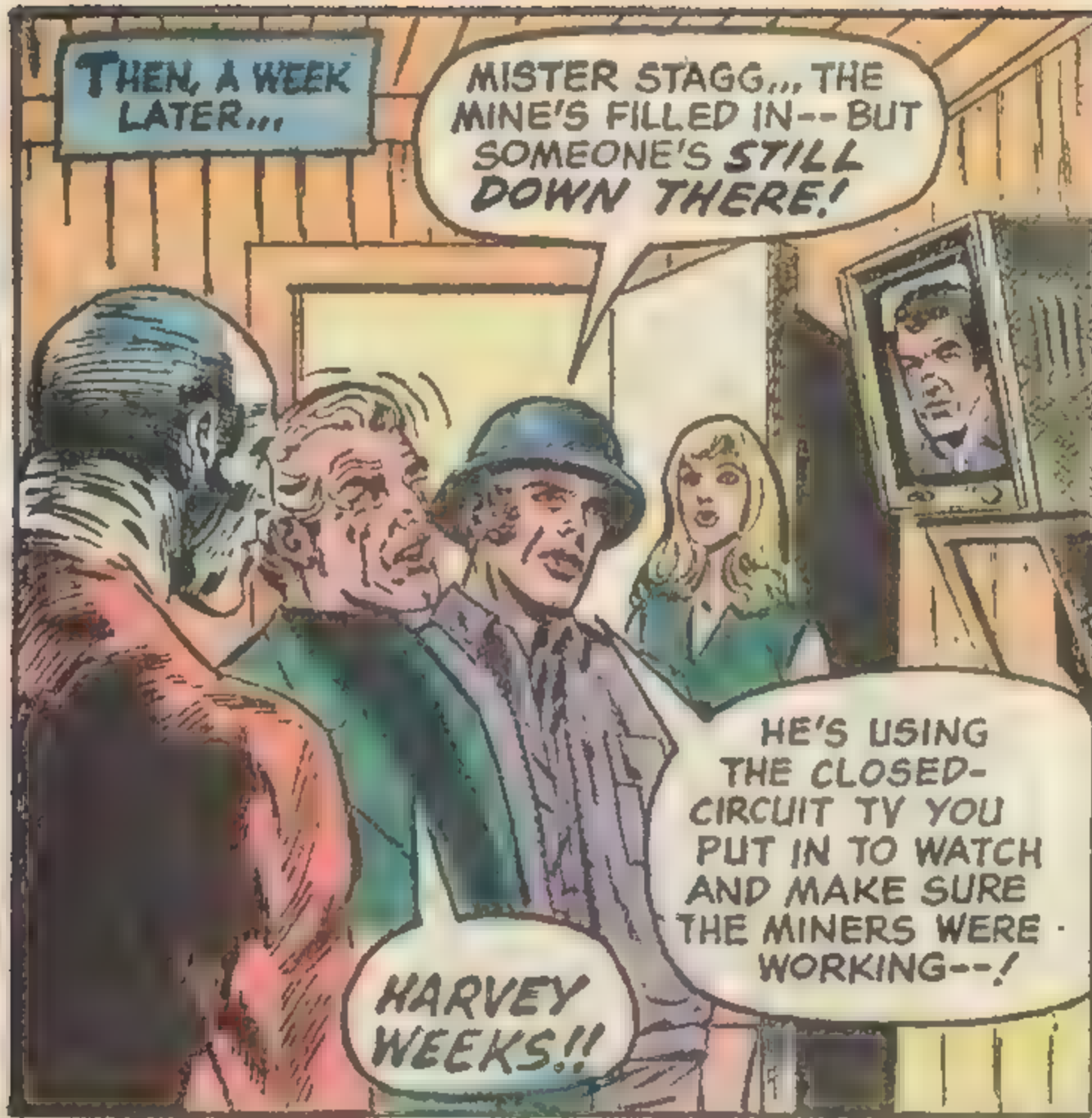
BUT WHAT SEEKS THE UNIQUE
HUMAN CHEMICAL PLANT -- WHAT
DRIVES HIM TO FATHOM EARTH'S DARK
HEART IN RESPONSE TO THE CRYPTIC CRY...

"FILL MY GRAVE WITH MONEY!"

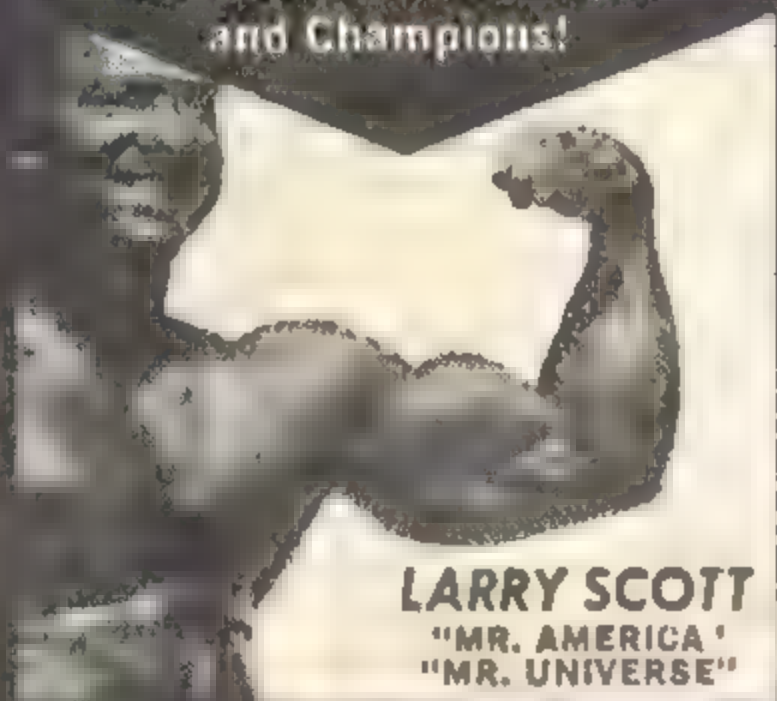
ART:
JOHN
CALNAN
STORY:
BOB
HANNEY





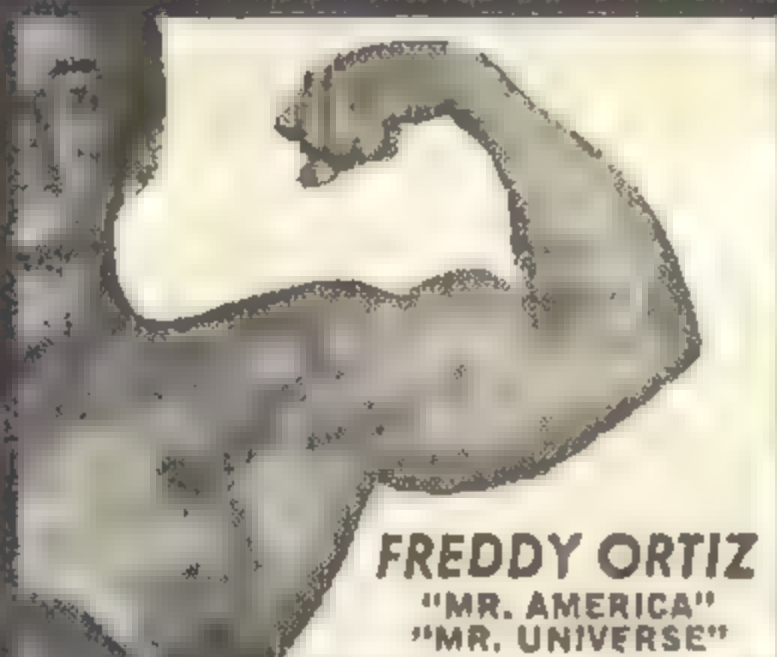


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A POWER-PACK BODY**
Like These Weider Pupils
and Champions!



LARRY SCOTT
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Mr. Scott, Larry, stands
at 5' 10" tall, weighs 215 lbs.
and has a 21" upper arm. Yet
he was a 136 lb. weakling
before mailing the coupon!
This Can Happen To You Too!



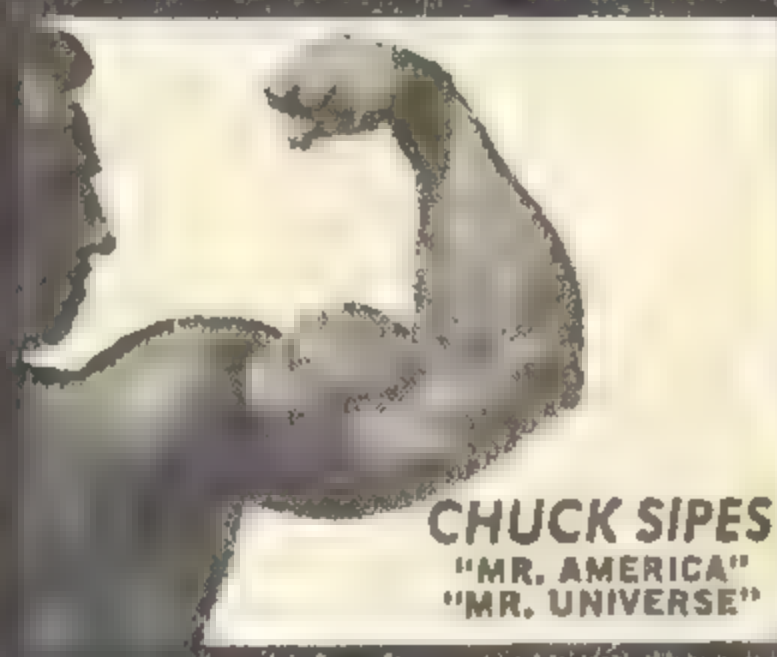
FREDDY ORTIZ
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Freddy stands 5' 5", weighs 185 lbs.
of rock-hard muscle! His arms measure 19" and
he is considered the best-built, shortest man
in the world. Yet, he was a 115-lb. skinny weak-
ling before sending in the coupon! Why Not You?



RICKY WAYNE
"MR. EUROPE"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Mr. Wayne today weighs a powerful 225 lbs.
before sending the coupon! And It Can Happen
To You!



CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Chuck stands 5' 10" tall, weighs 225 lbs. and
has a 21" upper arm. He is one of the
strongest men in the world. Yet, he was a
136 lb. weakling before mailing the coupon! New
How?

Weider-Pupil
DAVE DRAPER
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner, and movie-TV star—Dave stands 6' 2",
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he was fat and flabby before mailing the
coupon! But Why Wait? Rush!



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virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the first time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! **ACT NOW!—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!**

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ZIP CODE _____ AGE _____

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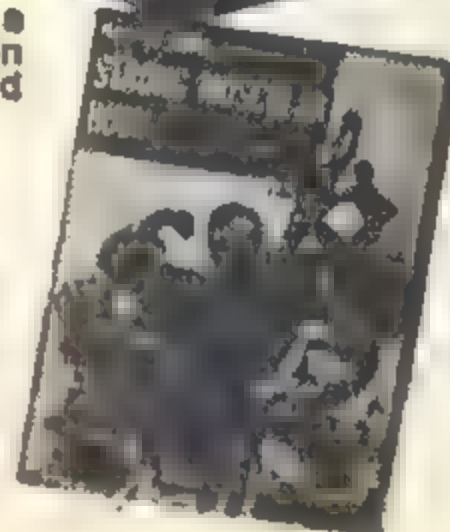
I have ☒ where I need more muscle:

- I Want: ☐ Bigger Arms ☐ Larger Neck ☐ Deeper Chest
☐ Trim Waist ☐ Athletic Legs ☐ Added Weight
☐ Broader Shoulders ☐ More Endurance and Power

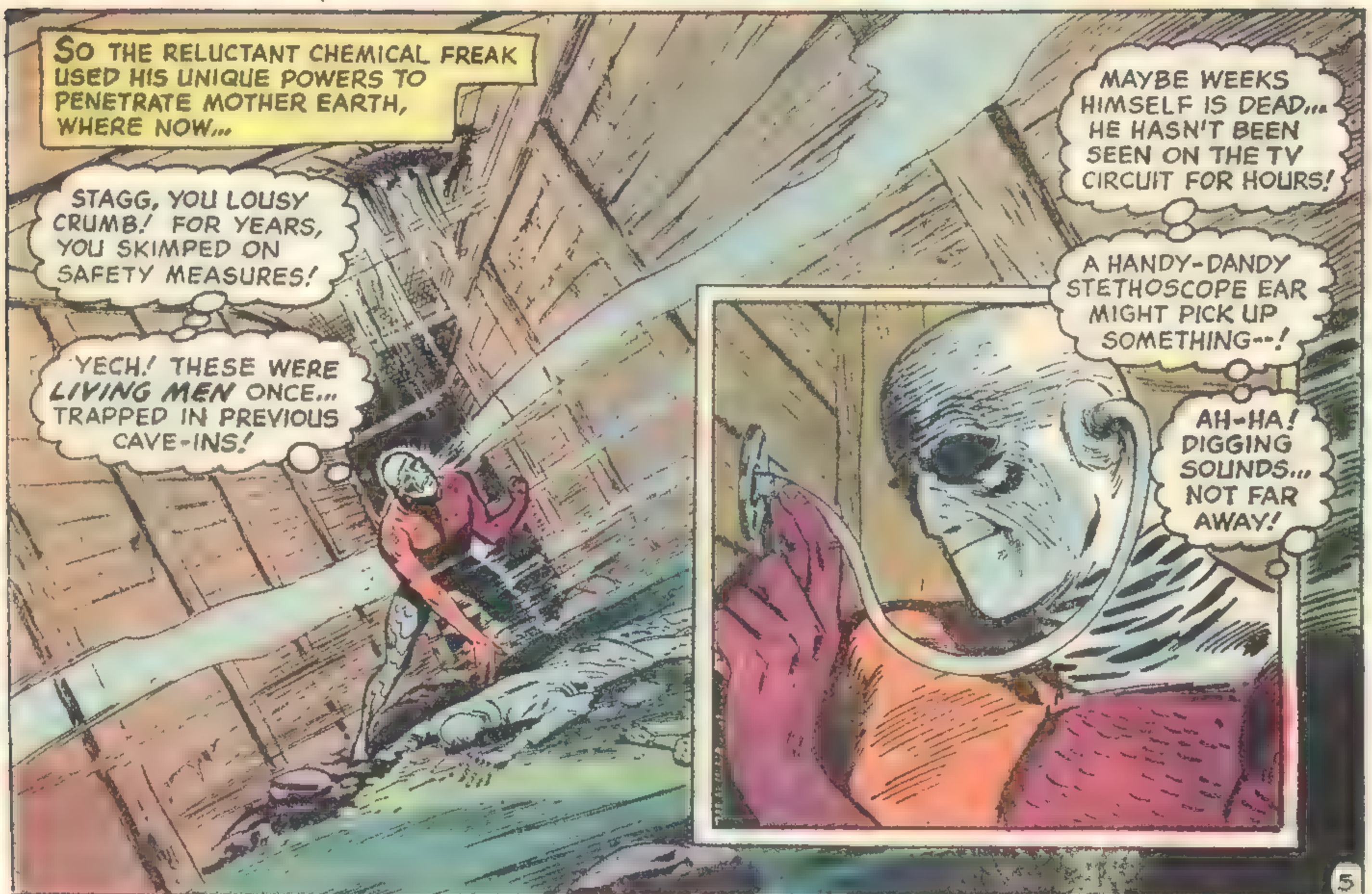
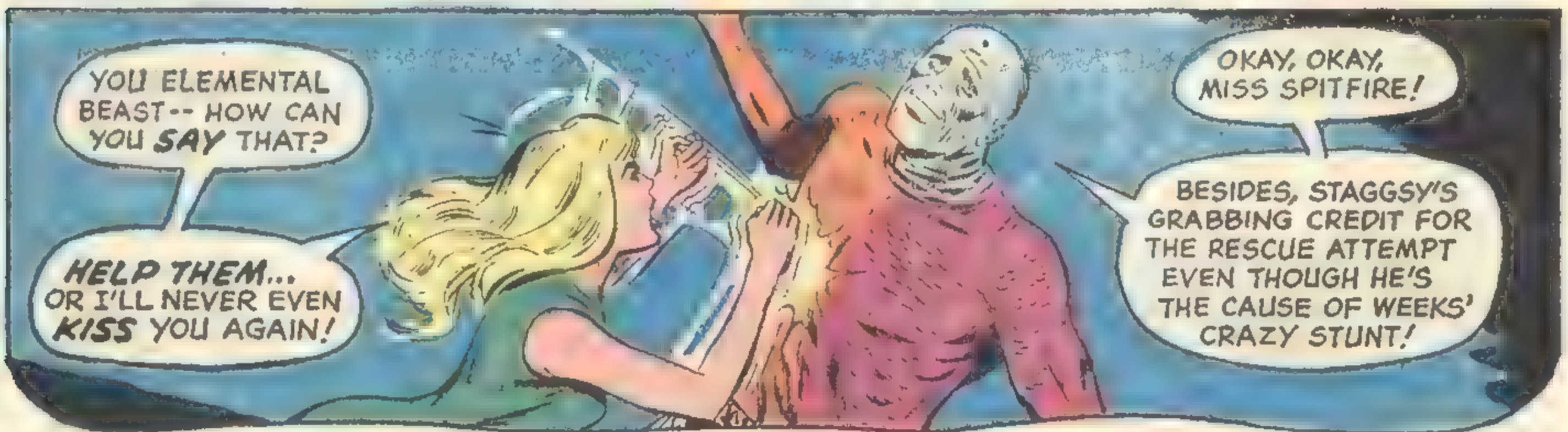
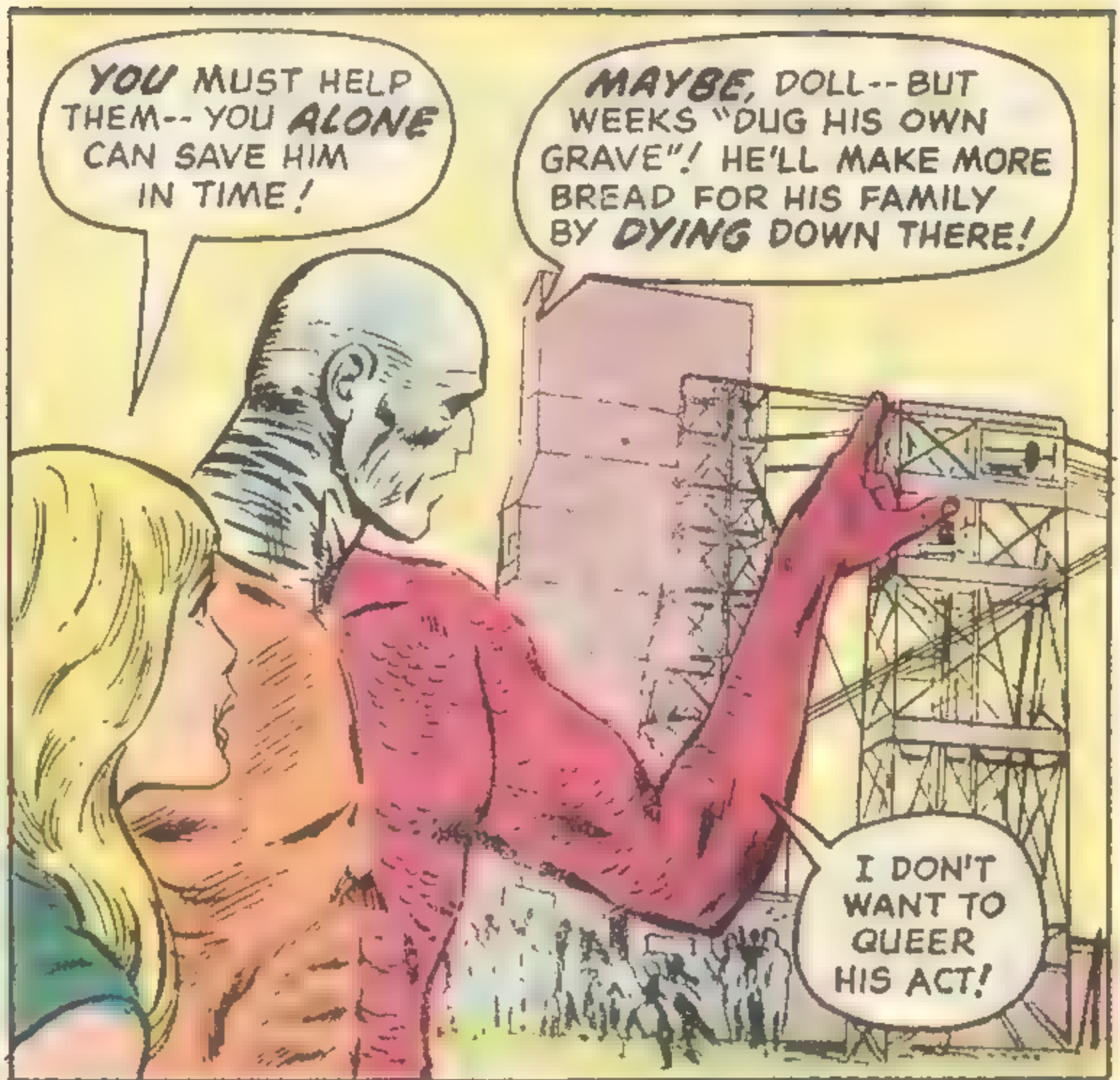


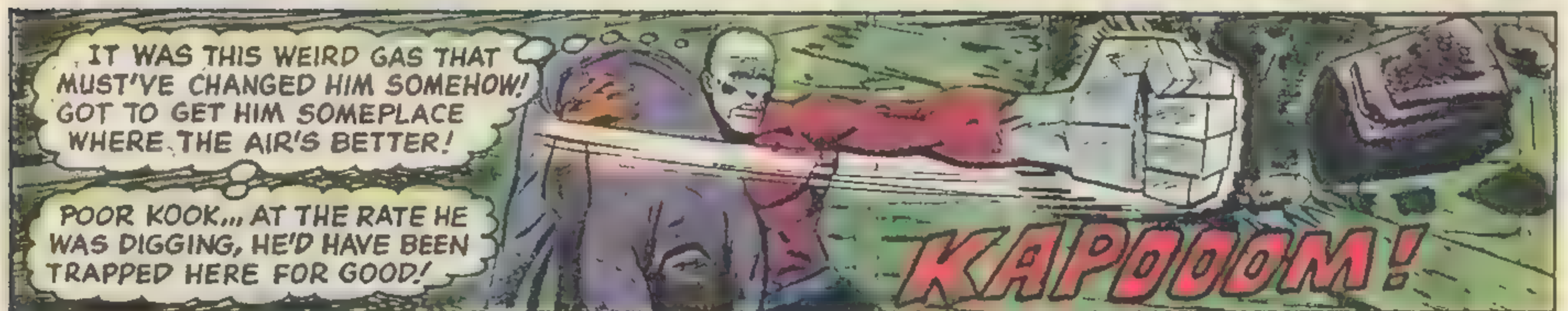
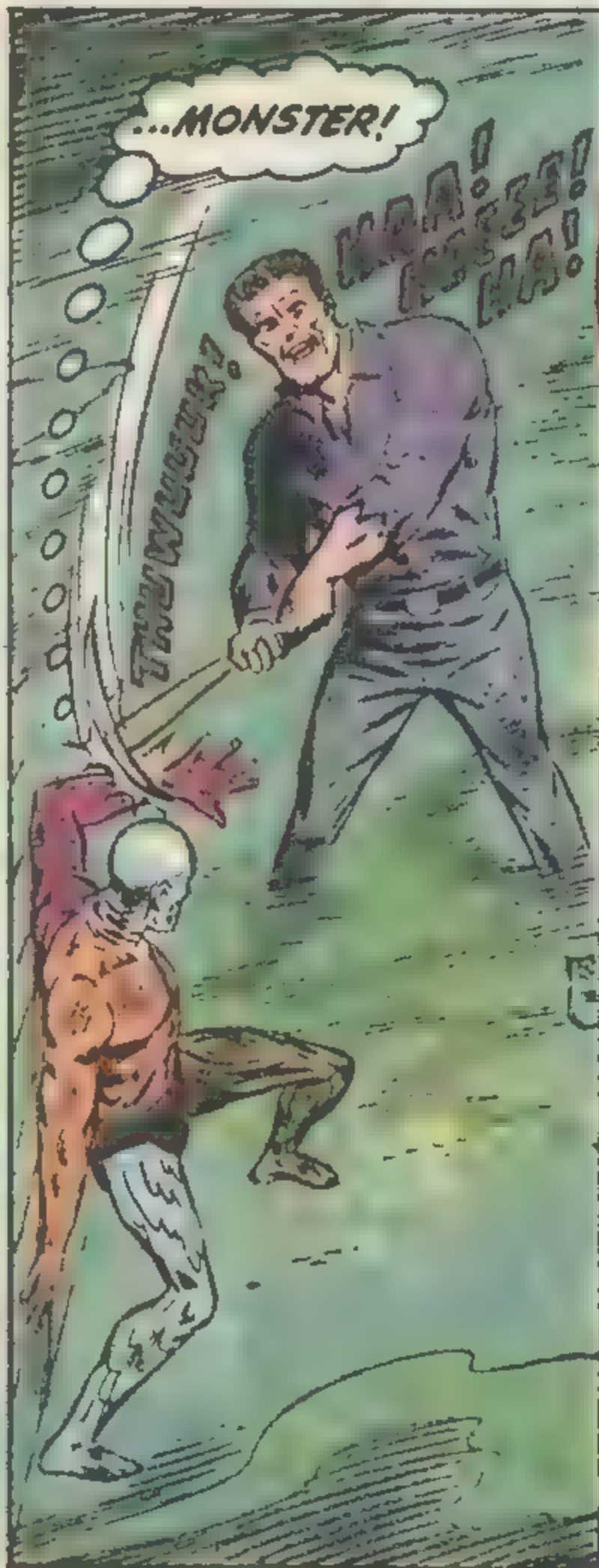
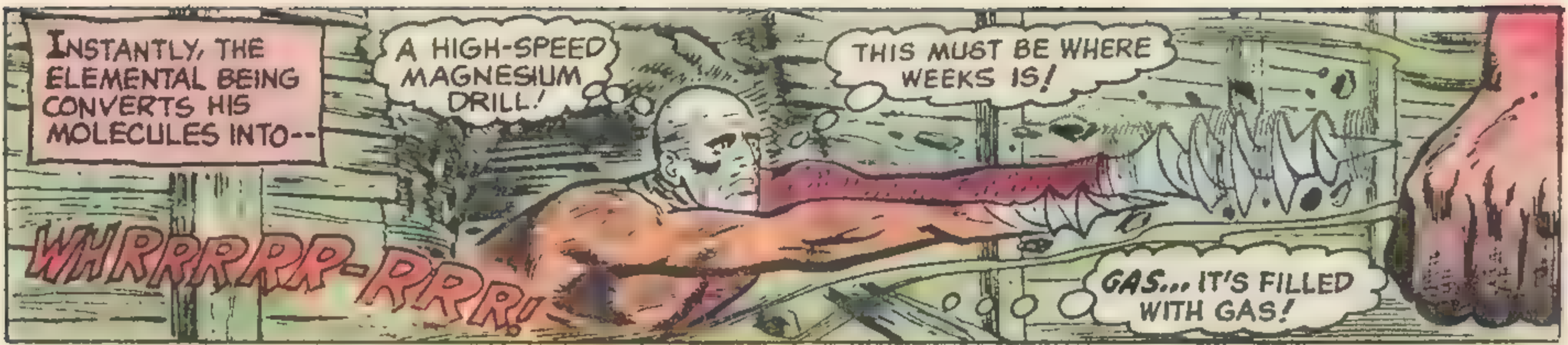
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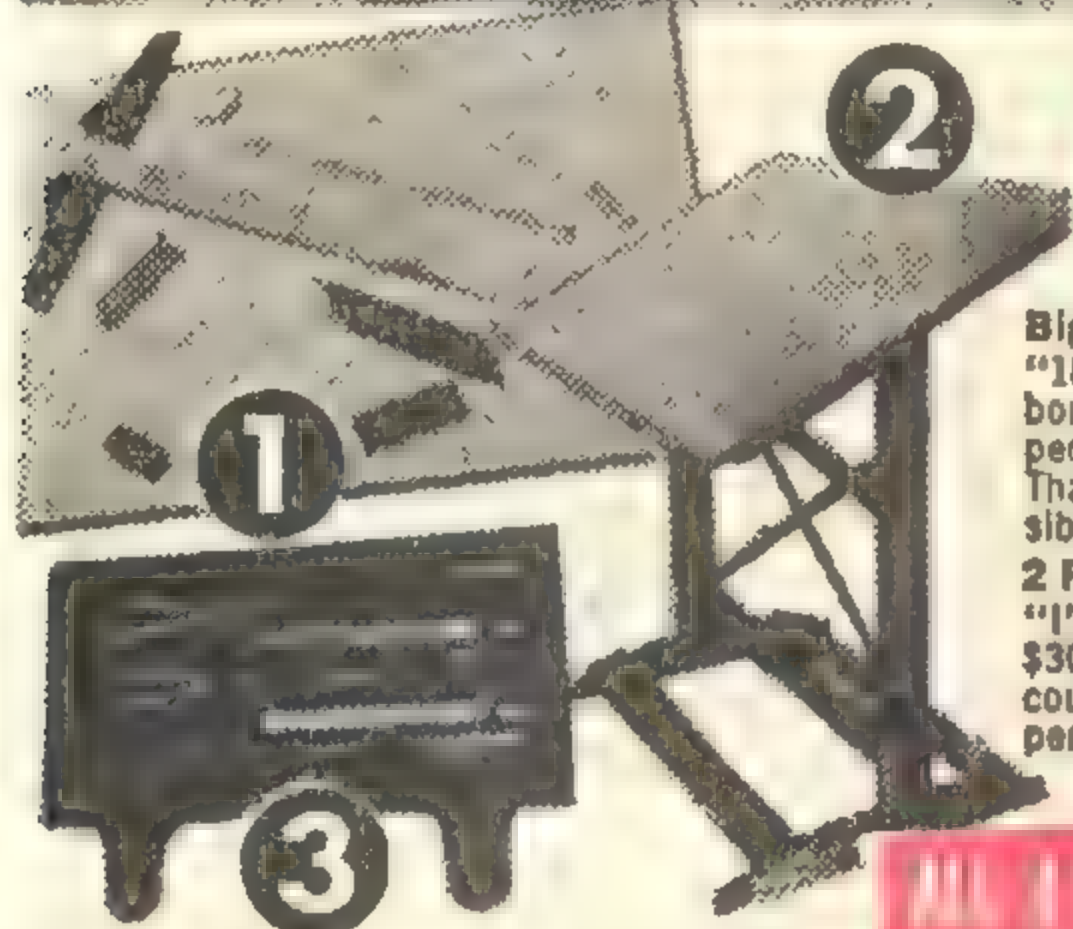


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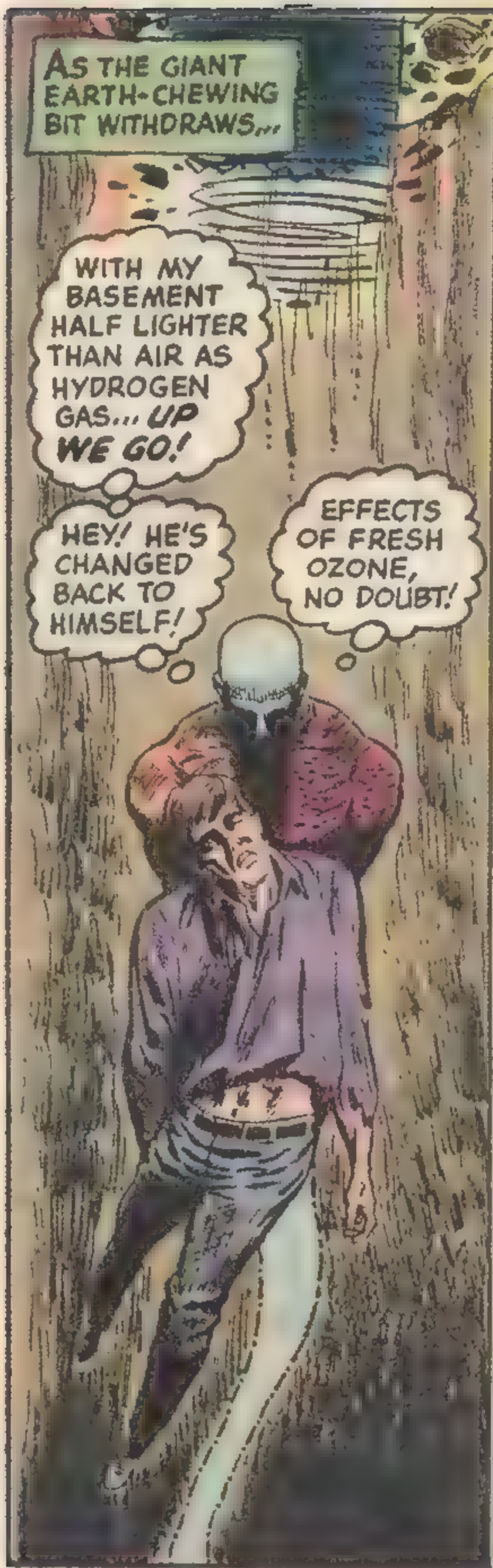
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ZIP _____ ☐ BOY ☐ GIRL, AGE _____

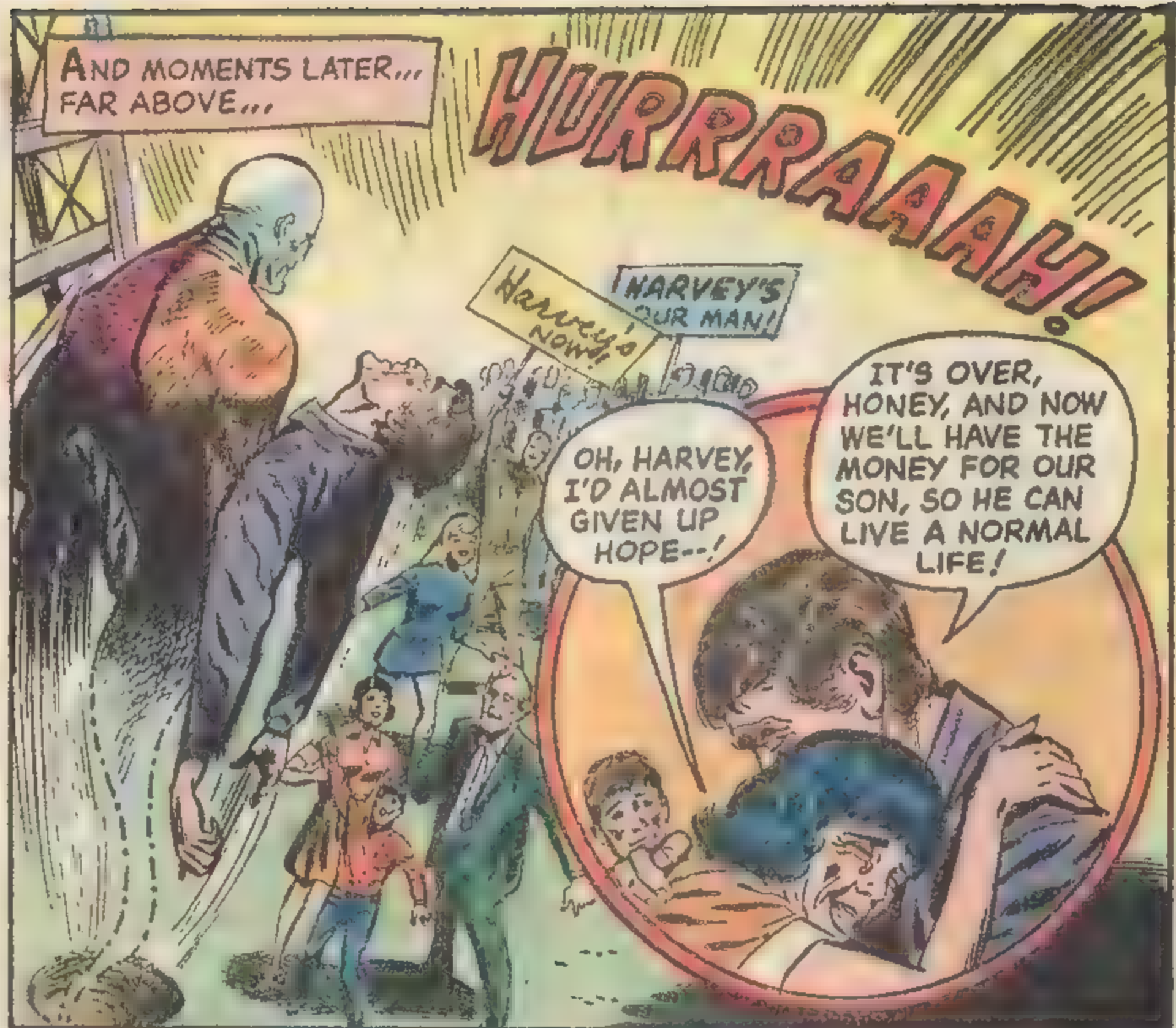


AS THE GIANT EARTH-CHEWING BIT WITHDRAWS...

WITH MY BASEMENT HALF LIGHTER THAN AIR AS HYDROGEN GAS... UP WE GO!

HEY! HE'S CHANGED BACK TO HIMSELF!

EFFECTS OF FRESH OZONE, NO DOUBT!



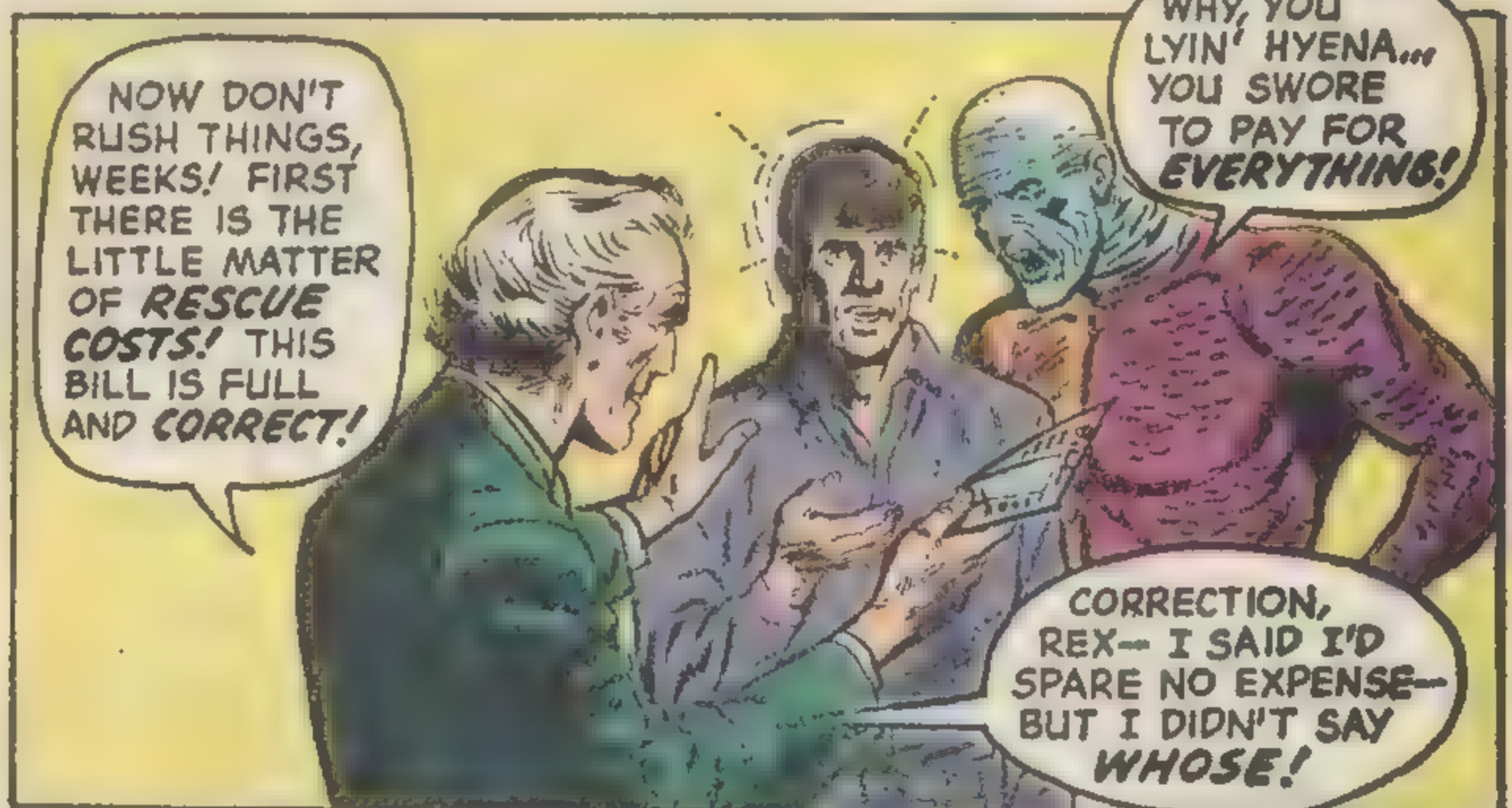
AND MOMENTS LATER... FAR ABOVE...

HURRRRAAH!

OH, HARVEY, I'D ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE--!

IT'S OVER, HONEY, AND NOW WE'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR OUR SON, SO HE CAN LIVE A NORMAL LIFE!

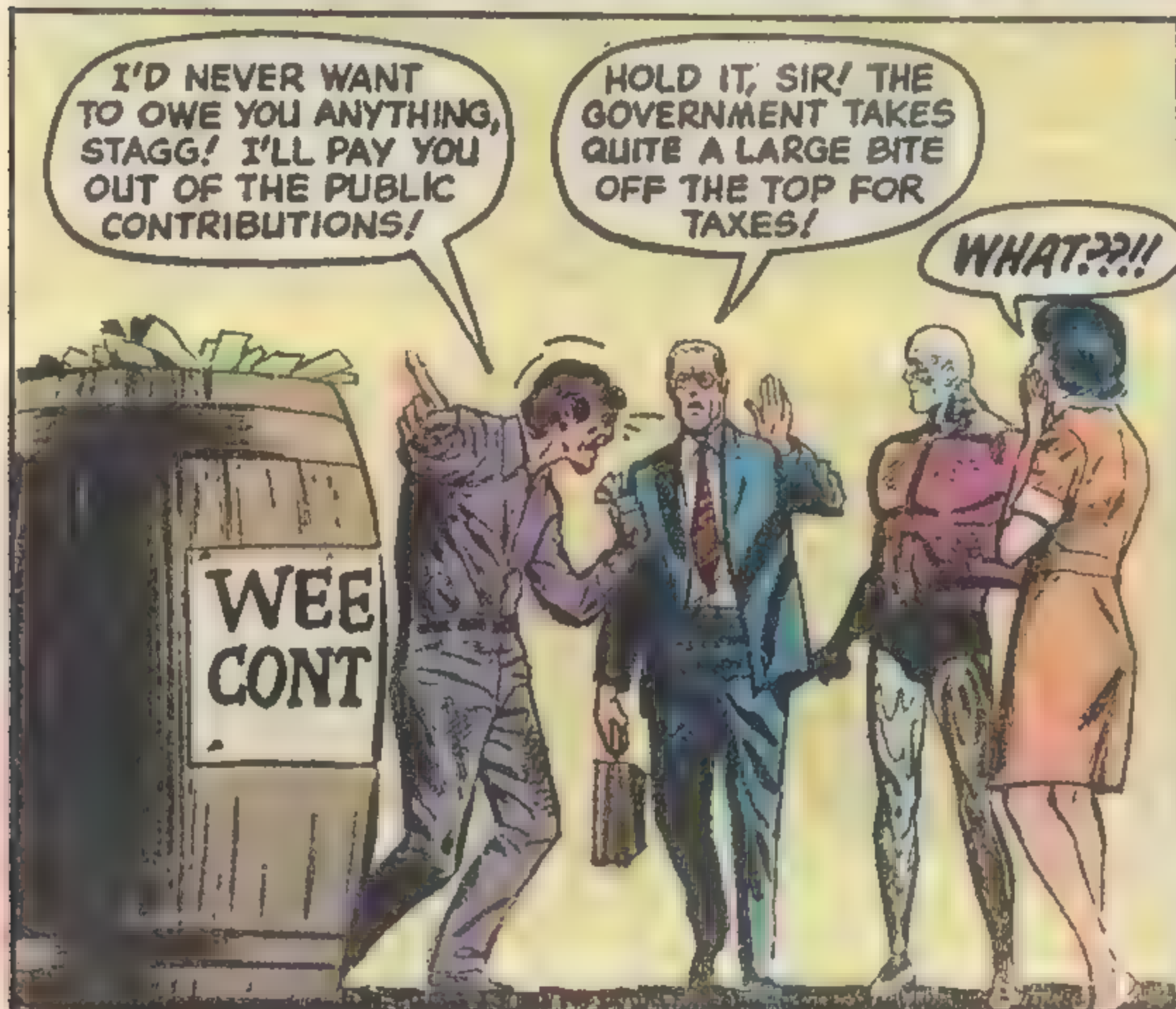
HARVEY'S OUR MAN!



NOW DON'T RUSH THINGS, WEEKS! FIRST THERE IS THE LITTLE MATTER OF **RESCUE COSTS!** THIS BILL IS FULL AND **CORRECT!**

WHY, YOU LYIN' HYENA... YOU SWORE TO PAY FOR **EVERYTHING!**

CORRECTION, REX-- I SAID I'D SPARE NO EXPENSE-- BUT I DIDN'T SAY **WHOSE!**

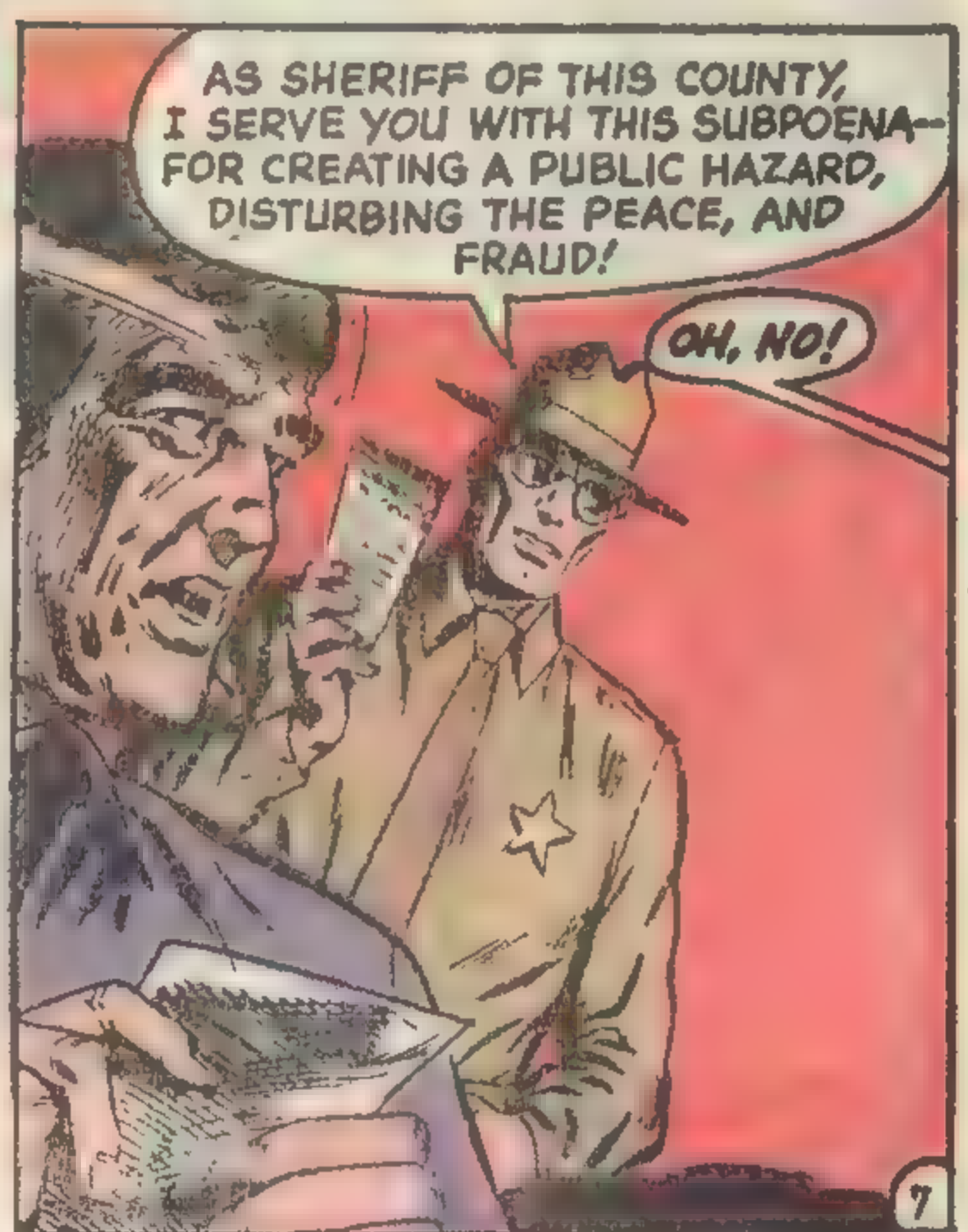


I'D NEVER WANT TO OWE YOU ANYTHING, STAGG! I'LL PAY YOU OUT OF THE PUBLIC CONTRIBUTIONS!

HOLD IT, SIR! THE GOVERNMENT TAKES QUITE A LARGE BITE OFF THE TOP FOR TAXES!

WHAT??!!

WEE CONT



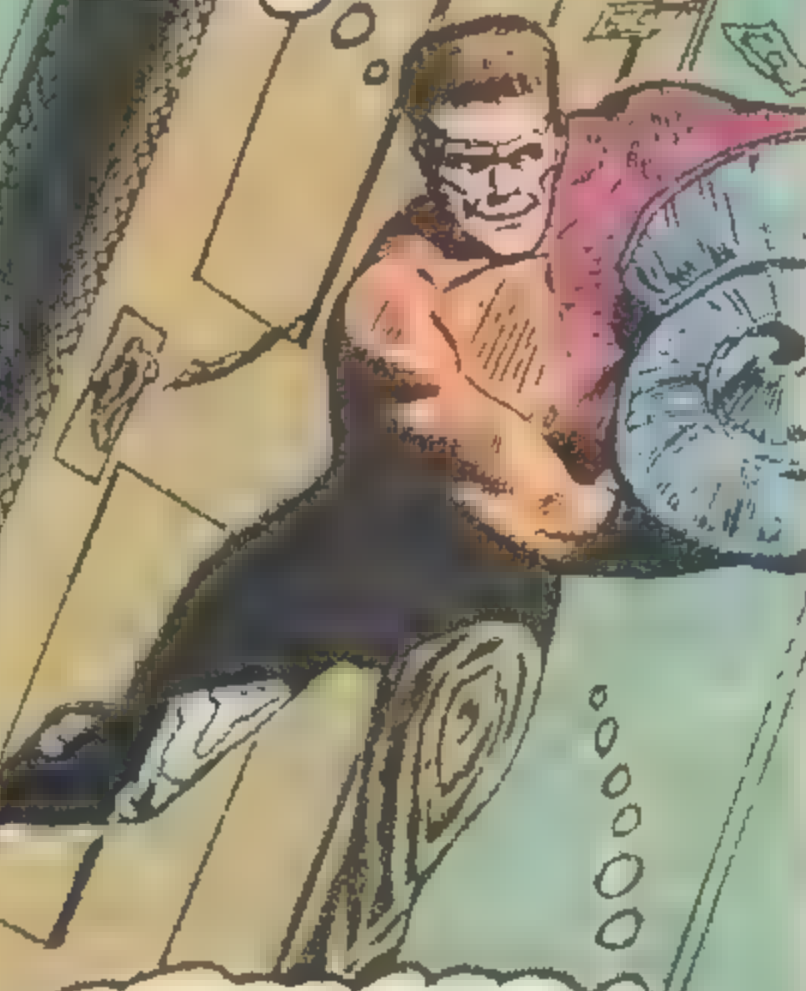
AS SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY, I SERVE YOU WITH THIS SUBPOENA-- FOR CREATING A PUBLIC HAZARD, DISTURBING THE PEACE, AND FRAUD!

OH, NO!



MOMENTS LATER, THERE EMERGES FROM THE TERRORIZED TYCOON'S BEDROOM...

IT WORKED! ARRANGING MY MOLECULES TO SIMULATE WEEKS' FREAKY "FRANKENSTEIN" FOOLED STAGGSY-- BUT **GOOD!**



I KNEW THE OLD MISER SLEPT ON A MOOLAH-MATTRESS 'CAUSE HE DUG THE KRINKLE! YUKK! YUK!

AND STILL LATER...

METAMORPHO... THIS MONEY IS THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PROBLEMS! BUT **WHO... HOW...?**



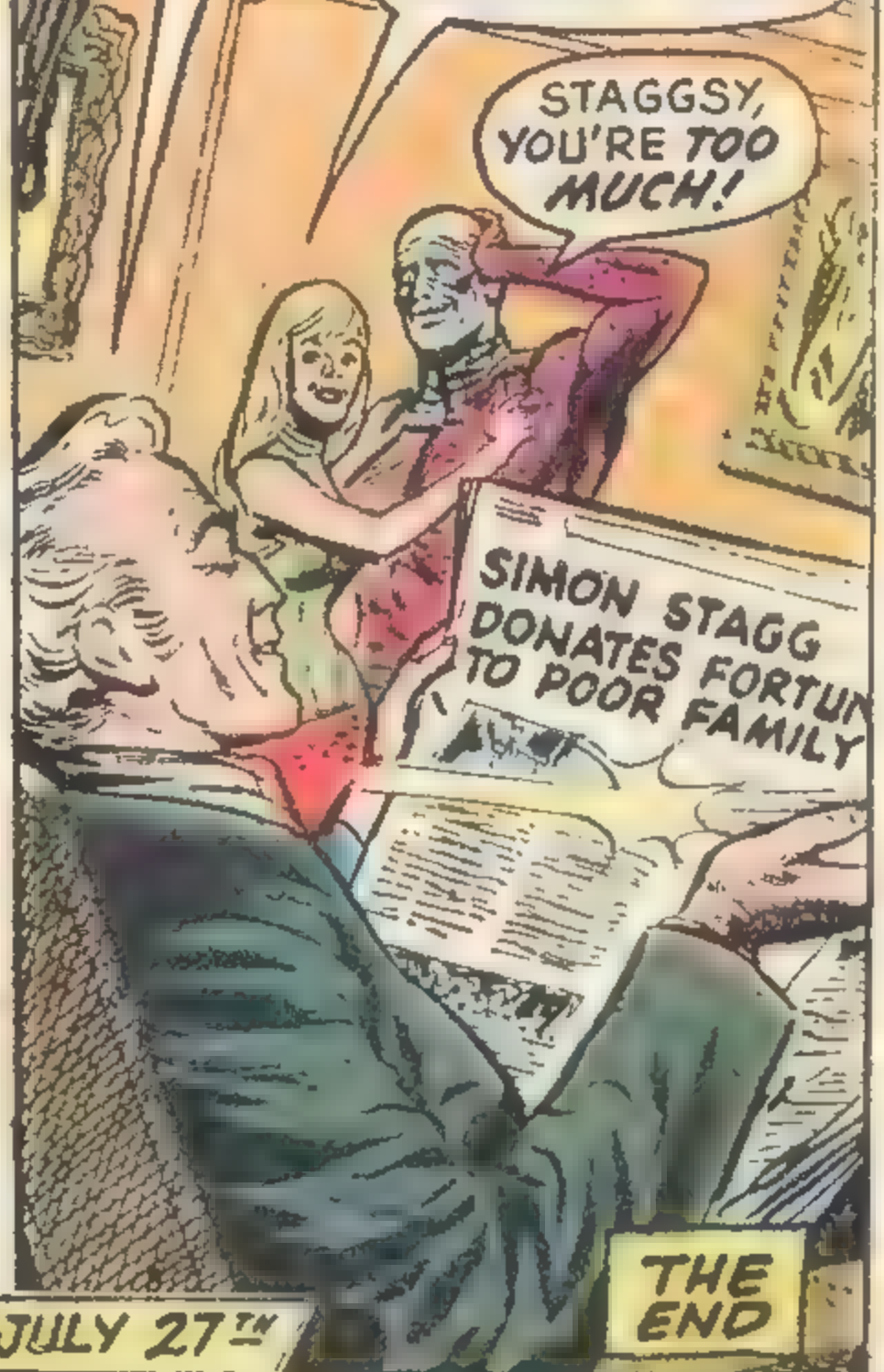
LET'S JUST SAY IT'S A GIFT OF A BENEFACTOR WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN... **NAMELESS!**

AND STILL LATER, YET...

AH... YES, A... "PERSUASIVE VISITOR" LAST NIGHT REMINDED ME OF MY REPUTATION FOR GENEROSITY! NATURALLY, I HAD TO LIVE UP TO IT--!

OH, DADDYKINS, YOU SWEET THING!

STAGGSY, YOU'RE TOO MUCH!



SIMON STAGG DONATES FORTUNE TO POOR FAMILY

THE END

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT JULY 27TH



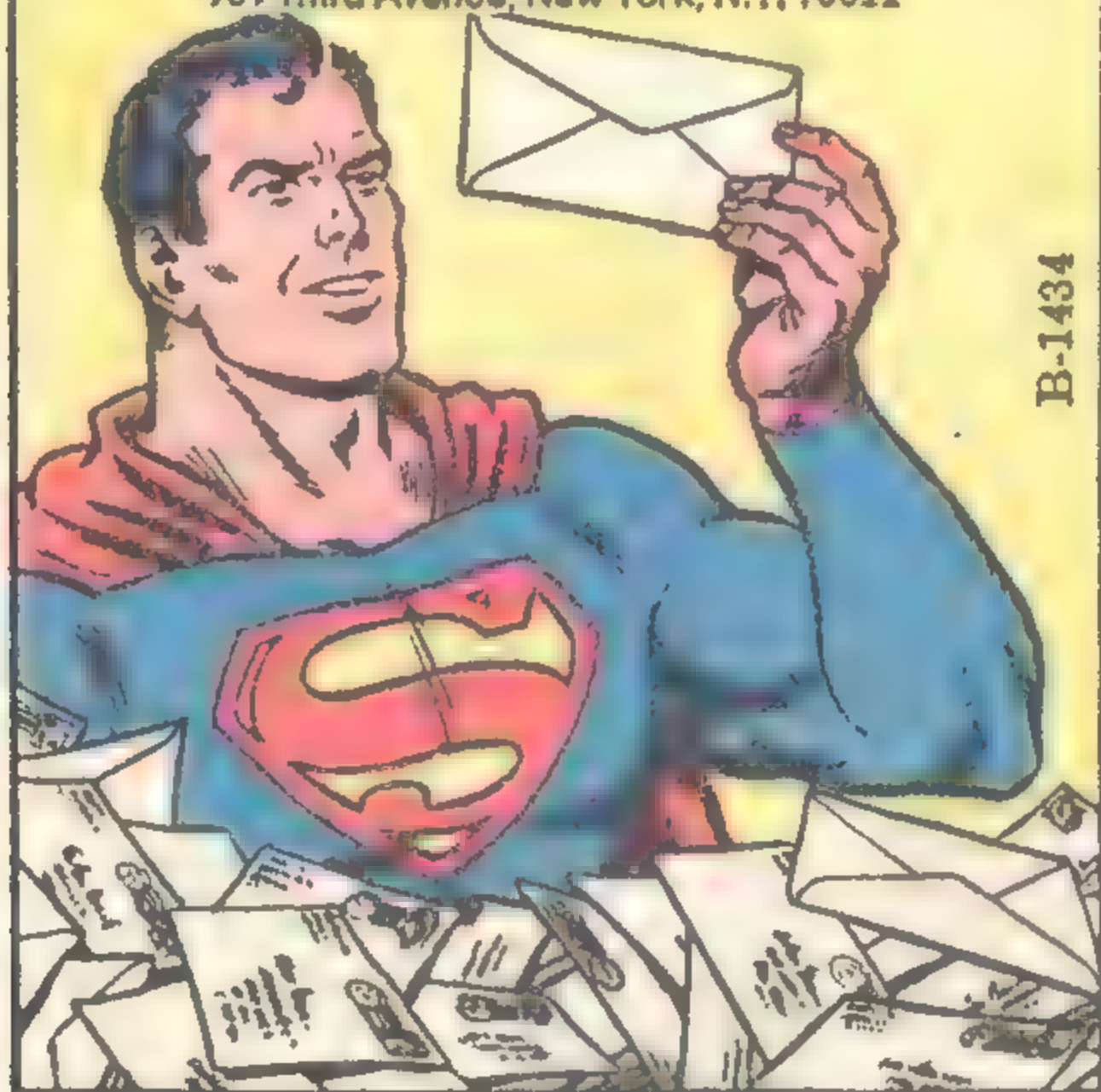
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Dear Editor:

ACTION #411 featured a good story, namely "The Day They Sold Superman's Fortress." I liked it because it had Supergirl popping up every once in a while. Another was the way you keep things the same as they were in #395. We found out more about the security weapons and you kept the layout the same. Quite often, the diagrams of a hero's HQ aren't used in later stories.

"The Girl Who Worshipped Clark Kent" was totally different. Superman, or Clark, felt Lorna would make a perfect mate because she never told anyone his identity and she wasn't in love with his power. Yes, I know Clark had a crush on her, but if you pick up a LOIS LANE comic, you'll see that Superman adores her, and vice-versa.

Lois isn't in love with Superman's powers, either, and she would never give away his ID, even if she were mad at him.

Stephen Ahearn, Hudson, Mass.

The trouble is, Lois is in love with Superman, not Clark—yet she could only be safe from his enemies as Mrs. Kent. Sure, he could reveal his identity to her, but if Superman's girl suddenly married Clark, people would start guessing why. This is a problem Superman is wrestling with—which would not exist in the case of a girl who fell for Clark. But for the record—we're rooting for Lois, too.—Ed.



Dear Editor:

While fellow-Bay Stater Clem Robins claims to be "southern Massachusetts' only registered, card-carrying Denny O'Neil freak," I claim to be the world's number one Leo Dorfman fanatic.

So when, after several issues, Leo returns to ACTION, you can imagine my delight.

Only Leo could write a story like "The Day They Sold Superman's Fortress." It was one of those stories he pulls off so well. A cute, light, entertaining yarn for which he is so famous. The use of legal tricks was quite ingenious and brought more of a need for Superman to use his brain to outsmart T.J. Pearson.

Leo, unlike many other writers, seems to think his stories out. He seems to be the only writer to do any research on the gimmick he is going to use in a story.

As for "The Girl Who Worshipped Clark Kent," well, Dorfman strikes again. But who's this fellow Calnan?

It seems that Nick Cardy is ACTION'S new cover artist. Fine with me. He's one of the best.

Joseph M. Ferara, Canton, Mass.

Who's Calnan? A darn good artist, we'd say, whose skill is also evident in UNEXPECTED, THE WITCHING HOUR, and GHOSTS, True Tales of the Weird and Supernatural. And we're glad you feel Leo does plenty of research. Unfortunately, there seems to be some disagreement on this point, as you'll find out when you read on.—Ed.



Dear Editor:

I have read ACTION for 15 years and never have I seen such technical bungling as was displayed in "The Day They Sold Superman's Fortress." Not one of the scenes depicting offshore oil drilling even approached accuracy.

It's obvious to me that Dorfman, Swan and Anderson have never put in a tour of duty on a rotary. Not that I don't appreciate them; I rate them as top hands in the comic industry, but they just ain't roughnecks.

Now to detail—there is no way to get pipe inside the derrick, no beard for the derrickman to rack the pipe in, no tongs to wrench the pipe, no pump, no drawworks, no blocks, and obviously no blowout preventer. By no stretch of my imagination could these structures make any hole.

Pearson and his men must have been drunks or boll weevils to stand by and yell, "Yahoo!" at the most feared calamity in the oil patch. As for Superman, any of his blowouts would have smashed the rigs and killed all the hands.

Gentlemen, if you write any more about the oil fields, you had better come down here and work with me a while.

Doug Cearley, Graham, Tex.

Well, well, well—we'll try to drill that into our heads. We'd pour oil on the troubled waters, too—but we don't want to pollute them.—Ed.



Dear Editor:

Imagine! Superman a squatter in his own Fortress! Only "F. Lee Dorfman" could have thought of such a legal maneuver, which he used to form the framework of the best Superman story 1972 has thus far seen. Leo bombarded us with one clever stunt, and original idea after the other, and the Fortress is REALLY concealed now.

What was especially great was that Leo showed Superman as someone who always upholds the law, even if it works against him. Brilliant Swan-Anderson pictures made this a story to be long remembered.

"The Girl Who Worshipped Clark Kent" was one of Leo's best fillers ever, with a good combination of emotion and plot. But how could Clark forget his other conquest, Sally Selwyn? Not every girl swoons at the sight of Superman, y'know.

Gerard Triano, Elmont, N.Y.

You're forgetting—that in the Sally story, Clark had lost his memory and taken a new identity. It was not "meek Clark Kent" she fell for, but bold, daring Jim White!—Ed.

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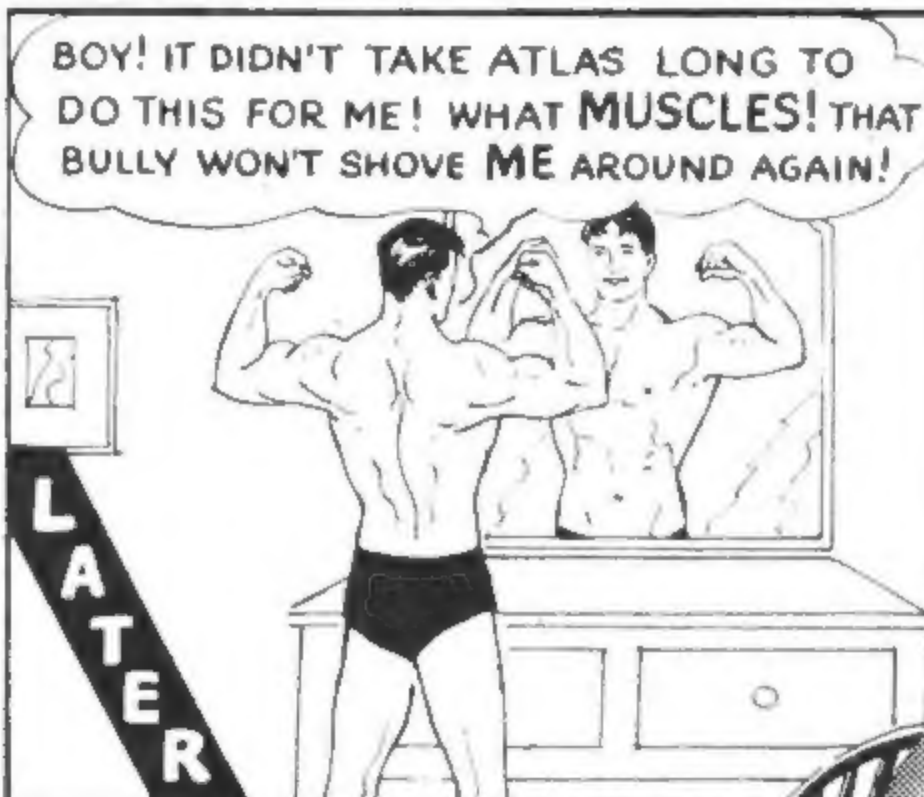
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THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"



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ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby — only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit.

The Secret of How I Got My Build

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my body fast. It worked wonders for me — changed me from the scrawny "runt" I was at 17, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I can build up YOUR body the very same natural way — without weights, springs or pulleys. Only 15 minutes a day of pleasant practice — in the privacy of your room.

My "Dynamic-Tension" method has already helped thousands of other fellows become real he-men in double-

quick time. Let it help YOU. Not next month or next year — but Right NOW!

"Dynamic-Tension" Builds Muscles FAST!

If you're like I was, you want a powerful, muscular, well-proportioned build you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Greek-God" type of physique that women rave about at the beach — the kind that makes other fellows green with envy.

Mail Coupon Now for My 32-Page Illustrated Book

Mailing the coupon can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a copy of my 32-page illustrated book, "How Dynamic-Tension Makes You a NEW MAN." Tells how and why my method works: shows many pictures proving what it has done for others. Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 818, 115 E. 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010.



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 818
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders | ☐ More Energy and Stamina |
| ☐ Ironhard Stomach Muscles | ☐ More Magnetic Personality |
| ☐ Tireless Legs | ☐ More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places |
| ☐ Slimmer Waist and Legs | |

I enclose 10c. Please send me a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. This does not obligate me in any way.

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City & State.....Zip.....

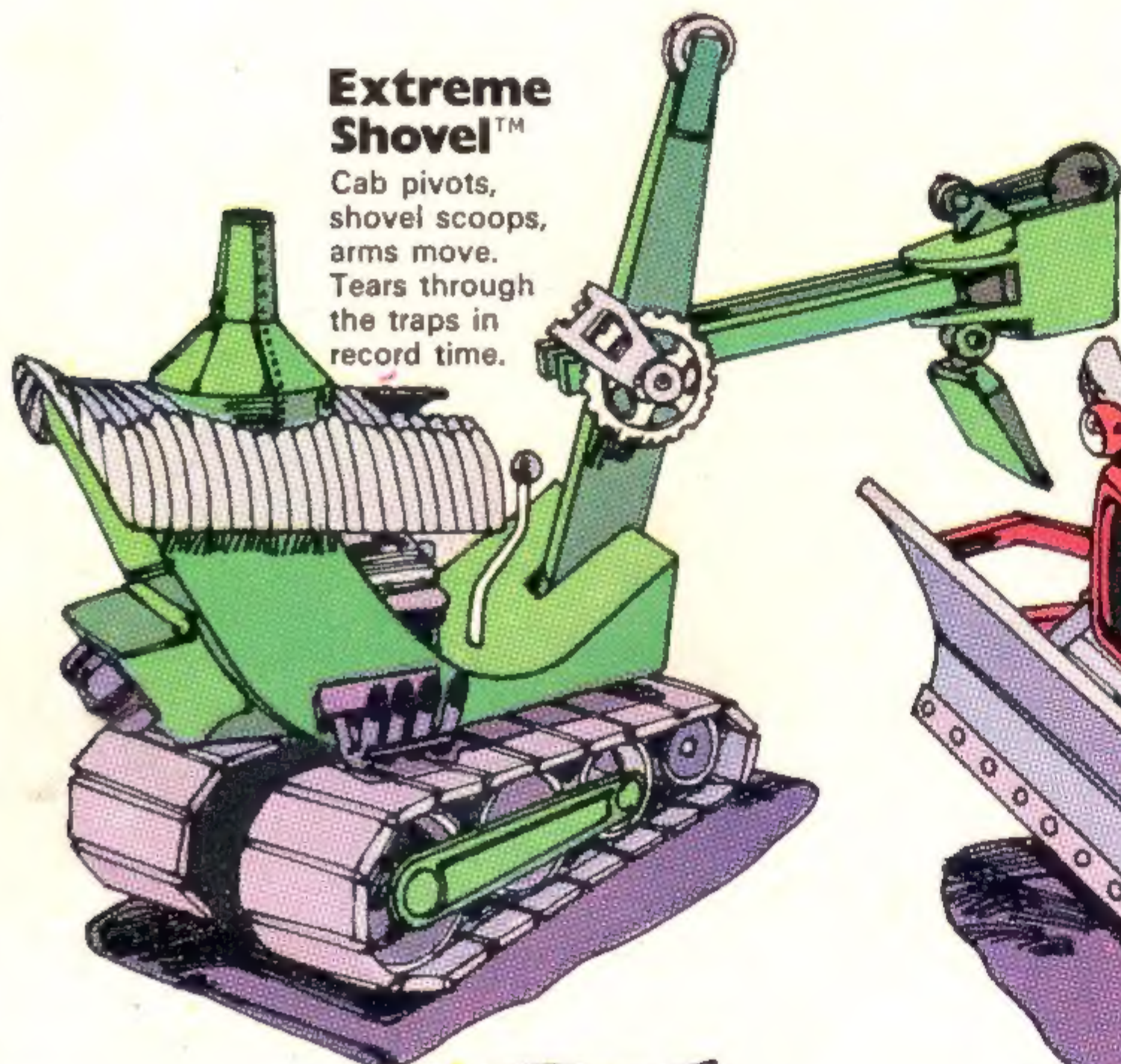
In England: Charles Atlas, 21 Poland St., London, W.1

DIG THESE!

**Four new SNAP TITE®
drag construction models you build without glue,
without paint and without help.**

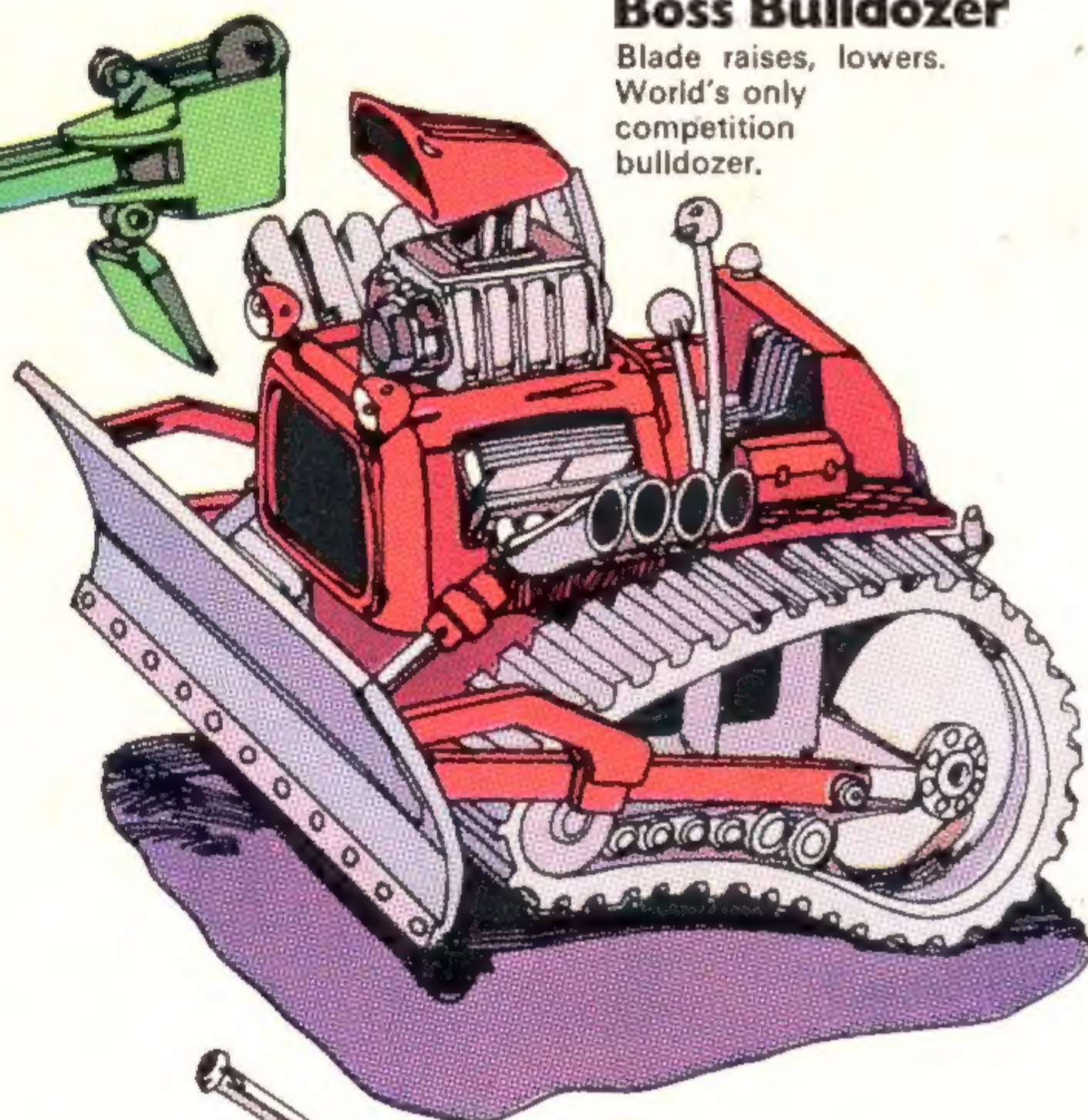
Extreme Shovel™

Cab pivots,
shovel scoops,
arms move.
Tears through
the traps in
record time.



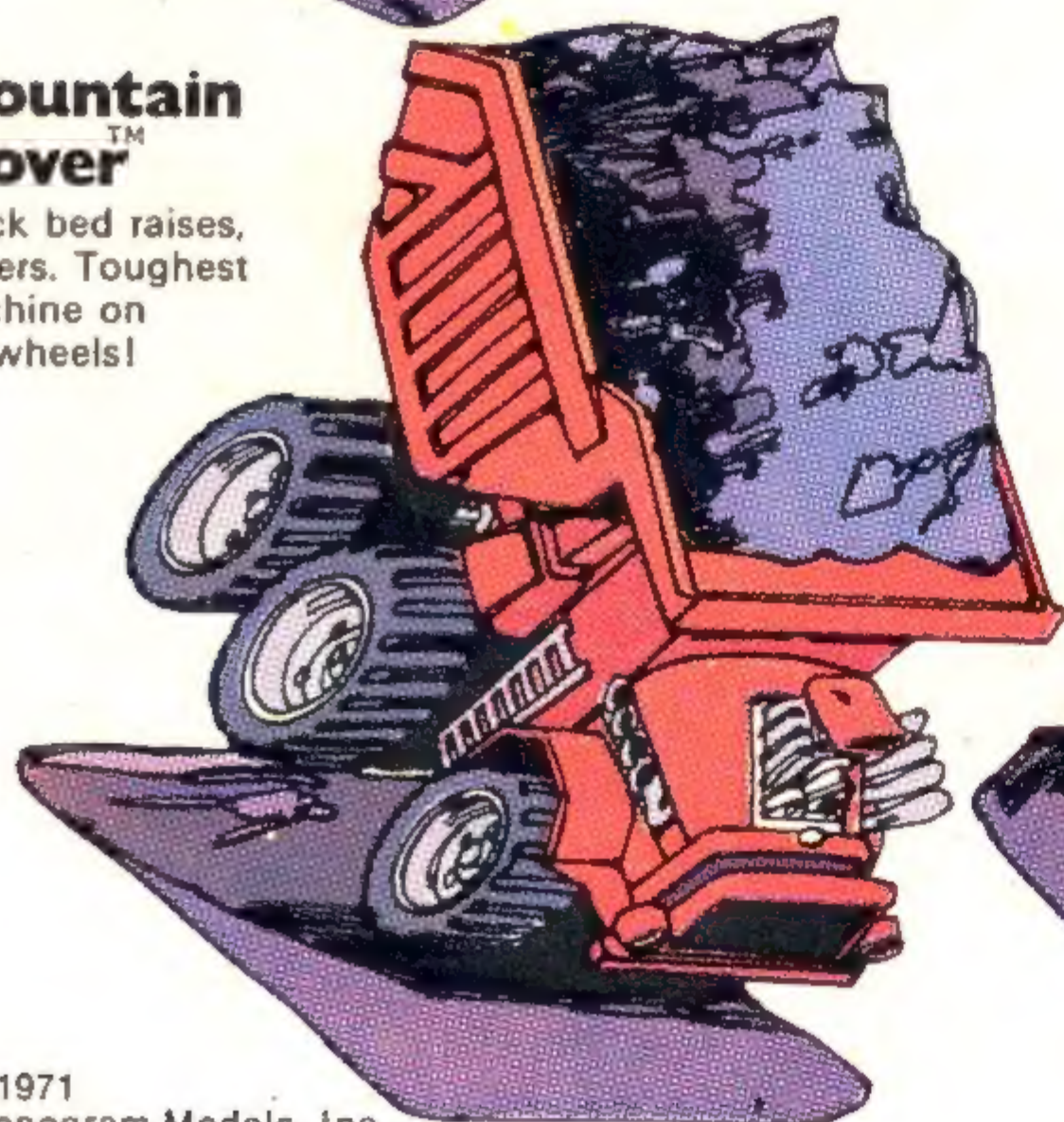
Boss Bulldozer™

Blade raises, lowers.
World's only
competition
bulldozer.



Mountain Mover™

Truck bed raises,
lowers. Toughest
machine on
10 wheels!

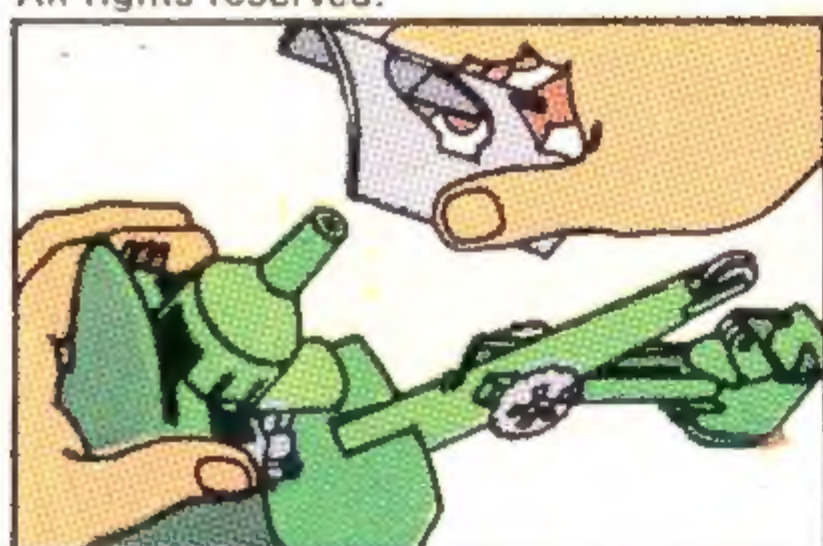


Screamin' Skipshovel™

Shovel blade
raises, lowers.
Plenty of power,
tons of traction.



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It's easy to build these
SNAP TITE® drag models.
The pieces snap tightly
together without glue or paint.
Start building your own fleet
of the world's fastest, freakiest
construction vehicles.



**If they were any more real,
you'd need a hard hat.**